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Republican State Ticket

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN DEAN. (of Blair.)

CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL, of Mercer,
WILLIAM LILLY, (of Carbon.)

ELECTORS-AT-LARGE.

WILLIAM WOOD,	(of Philadelphia.)
B. F. JONES,	(of Allegheny.)
J. FRANCIS DUNLAP,	(of Lancaster.)
WILLIAM H. SAWYER,	(of Delaware)

DELEGATES-AT LARGE TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION,

HAMILTON DISSTON, WILLIAM L. ELKINS.	Philadelphia
HARRY W. OLIVER, WILLIAM FLINN,	Allegheny.
H. CLAY McCORMICK,	(of Lycoming.)
LYMAN D. GILBERT,	(of Dauphin.)
FRANK REEDER,	(of Northampton.)
S. A. DAVENPORT,	(of Erie.)

THAT QUININE PROBLEM.

In discussing the tariff question with our friends we have often had propounded to us this question: *If the Tariff is not a tax, why was quinine cheapened to the consumer when the duty on it was removed?* As it is much easier to ask a question than to answer it we have several times been at a loss what to say and therefore have been led to investigate the matter which has opened to us these facts.

That the removal of the duty from quinine had nothing to do with the fall in its price is shown by the fact that quinine did not become cheaper immediately after the duty was abolished, but only when, owing to purely natural causes, its price had fallen throughout the whole world. In 1879, the year when it was placed on the free list (the duty having previously been 20 per cent. and valorum) quinine sold in the London market at $3.96 per ounce. To-day the price is 40 to 65 cents per ounce. How could the removal of the American duty of 20 per cent. lower the *London price* 87 per cent.? The supposition is evidently absurd. The fact is that simultaneously with a great fall in the world's price of quinine, the American price has naturally also fallen, the reasons for this cheapening being easily explained.

Quinine, technically called sulphate of quinine, is made from the bark of the cinchona tree, originally found only in the Peruvian Andes. The stripping off of the bark kills the tree, and it therefore became necessary, as time passed, to penetrate deeper into the dense mountainous forests of the country to procure the bark. Difficulties increased with each succeeding year, the bark became more and more scarce and the price of quinine kept steadily rising. At last, in the year 1861, experiments began to be made in India, Java and Ceylon with a view to raising cinchona trees from the seed. These experiments proved so successful that by the year 1870 bark commenced to be exported from Ceylon. The supply has gone on increasing ever since, until in 1887 (the latest figures at hand) the combined exports of India, Ceylon and Java amounted to 3118 tons. Here we have the whole explanatian in a nutshell. The supply of cinchona bark has been increasing, the price has gone down, and with it also has fallen the price of quinine. It takes the refined lying of the Free-Trade "reformer" to ascribe all this to the removal of a 20 per cent. duty.

ANOTHER TRUST.

Coming from Boston, the city of culture, the home of the Mugwumps, this is refreshing:

So the coal trust is going to put up the price of that commodity by 25 cents a ton. Well, there is but one answer to that scheme, provided the anti-trust law will not break it, and that is to allow New England to buy her coal wherever she can get it the cheapest. We believe fully in the Protective Tariff, but when it is used by these trusts to bleed the people, then the best thing to do is to put the article on the free list at once.—*Boston Evening Record.*

Paragraph 536 of the McKinley Tariff law speaks for itself. The coal controlled by the combine is on the free list. It occurs to us, in thinking of the blissful ignorance of the *Record's* Tariff editor, that there is at least one home industry which seems to flourish, although it receives absolutely no Protection. However, we shall refrain from invidious remarks.

Says the *South Wales Daily News:* "Some of the Welsh tin-plate makers are making arrangements to construct works in the United States, one near New York and the other probably in Pennsylvania, the latter more extensive than any existing works in the principality." Our tin-plate liars don't seem to have made a great impression on the Welshmen.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, June 8, '92.

The resignation of Secretary Blaine continues to be the all absorbing topic of conversation. It was not the result of any personal disagreement with the President, as the democrats would like to make it appear, but was simply the outcome of circumstances over which neither the President nor Secretary Blaine had any control. With those circumstances every newspaper reader is already familiar. Seeing that his name was to be presented to the national convention in spite of his February letter to chairman Clarkson and not being disposed to seem to decline something which had not been offered to him, Mr. Blaine decided that the proper thing for him to do was to resign, and he did it, and it was accepted by the President in precisely the spirit in which it was tendered.

Although at this writing the President and Mr. Blaine are seemingly rivals for the Presidential nomination, there is not the slightest personal enmity between them, and either is prepared to loyally support the other if nominated, or to support any other man who shall be judged by the wisdom of the delegates assembled at Minneapolis to be a more available standard-bearer. They are both of them far more desirous of party success than of personal aggrandizement, although they both possess some loud-mouth followers of whom so much cannot be truthfully said. The resignation is regarded here as equivalent to an announcement from Mr. Blaine that he will accept the nomination if the convention sees fit to tender it to him, and a majority of the most experienced politicians here think that he will be nominated, and many believe that the President will practically withdraw in his favor, by forbidding the presentation of his own name to the convention.

It has taken the Canadian government a long time to find out that when this government informed it that it would retaliate if it persisted in compelling American vessels with cargoes for American ports to pay a higher rate of toll for passing through the Welland canal than is charged Canadian vessels bound for Canadian ports it meant business and not a "bluff"; but it did eventually find out, and for several days two members of the Canadian government have been here trying to negotiate some arrangement that will stay Uncle Sam's retaliatory hand. They have had several conferences, with State department officials, the details of which are, of course, secret, but it is no violation of confidence to say that nothing short of putting American vessels on exactly the same footing as Canadian vessels that pass through the Welland canal will be agreed to by the administration. Secretary Blaine's resignation may postpone a conclusion of the negotiation.

In view of recent statements made in democratic newspapers about the enormous falling off in imports and the consequent reduction in the revenues of the government, the following official figures issued by the Treasury department will prove interesting reading. Imports: April 1892, $76,339,476: April 1891, $81.-275.106. For ten months ending April 30, 1892, $686,687.750, and for the corresponding period last year $699,460,348. Now for our exports, which our free trade friends were so certain would drop to nothing because of the McKinley bill. In April they footed up $74,710,013, against $68,780,077 in April 1891, and for the ten months ending April 30, 1892, $884,129,-584, against $759,426,607 for the ten months ending April 30, 1891. Figures of this sort answer the free trade howls as no other stryle of arguments can.

The democratic scheme for throwing the election of President into the House, which was first exposed by your correspondent, by having the democrats in a number of Northwestern States which that party cannot possibly carry unite with the third or peoples party in the support of third party presidential electors, is now so far advanced that the democratic bossess have named three states—Nebraska, Kansas, and South Dakota in which it is to be carried out, and they expect to name others. The republican campaign committees, Congressional and National, have known about this movement for sometime, and steps have been taken which make it certain no republican will be allowed to cast his vote for third party electors in ignorance of it. In the States named, and in any others in which an attempt is made, to work the scheme it will be made plain to the voters that the third party electors are but democratic dummies.

The House before disposing of the post-office appropriation bill sat down several times very heavily on Mr. Holman and some of his absurb cheese paring schemes that would have resulted in curtailing the mail facilities of the people. Several attemps to attach an amendment to the bill repealing the Ocean Mail subsidy act were ruled out on points of order, which shows that there are some sensible domocrats.

GEN. BEAVER AT GETTYSBURG.

Last week we puplished the speech of Ex-Gov. Beaver at Gettysburg which was delivered on same day our paper was issued. It was well worth a careful reading by every one.

Pennsylvania was especially a home of Union sentiment in war times, and her sons who rose to eminence in the ranks are legion. These, grouped with Gens. Schofield, Slocum and others, made a notable company at Gettysburg Thursday, when the "high water mark" monument was unvailed with appropriate ceremonies.

It forms an important addition to the collection of memorials erected on that historic spot, for Pickett's charge and the resistance successfully offered by Pennsylvania troops not only form one of the most stirring chapters in the annals of war fare, but marked, practically, the end of Southern efforts to disrupt the North The sentiments of ex-Gov. Beaver's speech in which he suggested that the battlefield be made a national park, and be dotted with confederate, and not alone Union memorials, are along the line of feeling entertained by those survivors of the war whom the people love and follow. Gen, Beaver made a plea for the discouragement of sectionalism in all forms, and for a fresh baptism in patriotism. With old soldiers talking in that strain with their hearts warm toward their former enemies, there is nothing left for those who did not carry a gun and for the generations now coming on the scene, save to forget and forgive, and to press forward.

SUGAR BOUNTY IN THE SOUTH.

Relying upon the continuance of the bounty for the full period specified in the McKinley law, the cane growers have planted a large acreage, and by the adoption of the most approved machinery they will make a serious effort to greatly develope the production of domestic sugar industry as well, the Lower House of Congress seems to be less disposed to attact the bounty clause, while, *as long as the Senate remains in Republican hands*, it is not probable that a change in one of the essential features of the McKinley act will be permitted.—*The New Orleans Picayune*

The *New Orleans Picayune* is ordinarily a strong Tariff "reform" newspaper, stanch in its allegiance to the Democratic party and to Democratic leaders. Yet here we have it calmly asserting that it relies upon the votes of Republican Protectionists in the United States Senate for the continuance of the sugar bounty, which the *Picayune*, despite its Tariff "reform" leaning, has always favored. And this paper will probably go on supporting, and the State of Louisiana go on electing, representatives to Congress and the Senate pledge to the abolition of our Tariff system.

THE PRESIDENT ON LYNCHING.

The letter which President Harrison has written to the committee of the Virginia Baptist Convention of Negroes, in reply to a memorial relating to the subject of lynchings, is a clear and forcible expression of his opinion that such outrages should be stopped, and that he will do all that lies within his power to prevent their recurrence But, as the President states, he is, in a large measure, without the power to interfere for the prevention or punishment of these offenses.

In all cases where the President has such power he says he will exercise it. Furthermore, he will make every effort, he says, "to arouse the conscience of our people and to stimulate efficient efforts to re-establish the supremacy of the courts and public officers." As the President view it, "Lynchings are a reproach to any community; they impeach the adequacy of our institutions for the punishment of crime; they brutalize the participants and shame our Christian civilization."

When will the South understand that there must be no race discriminations as to civil rights and immunities? The time will come when it will have to understand it.

Since the passage of the bill admitting the two Inman steamships City of New York and City of Paris to American registry on condition that that company build two similar ships in this country, the "reformers" have set up a great cry that this bill is a step in the direction of free ships. Roger Q. Mills voted against the bill in the Senate. That answers the argument pretty thoroughly. A genuine free ship advocate like Mr. Mills wants no such stimulous given to American shipbuilding as that which will result from the construction of two great ocean liners in this country, with more to follow. "No American ships" is the free shipper's motto.

A NEBRASKA GIRL'S PLEA.

Miss Blanche Jones of Lincoln, Neb., entered the annual oratorical contest of the Lincoln High school a fortnight ago. Her subject was "Nationalism." The judges on manuscript were Rev. Mr. Curtis, Judge Tibbetts and ex-superintendent of schools, E. T. Hartley. The committee on delivery consisted of Judge Lansing, Rev. Mr. Stein and Capt. W. H. Woodward. Miss Jones won the first prize. and we make room for the following passages from her oration which we think will interest our readers:

"Every man who believes in the government controling our postal affairs is a nationalist. Every man who advocates the municipal ownership of water-works, electric light or gas plants, or any other affair that concerns all the people is a nationalist. And all who attend our free schools are rocked in the cradle of this new theory; and they who attend our wants, and they who support the system, are nationalists in the true sense of the word. And when we shall have graduated from the Lincoln High school, next month, there will be two score and more pupils who will proudly exhibit diplomas from the best school in Nebraska, and this a creation of the grandest school system the world ever knew. And this is a product of nationalism. We take our diplomas to the state university, and there we are welcomed into another grand institution which is a product of this same theory. O skeptic and party-blinded egotist! how can you 'stare at the very noonday sun in heaven and cry out: 'Where is it?"

"There are too many persons who confound socialism with nationalism. The disciples of the former advocate a complete change in our social and political affairs. They oppose any measure of reform, because they say the tree is rotten root and branch, and cannot bring forth good fruit. Nationalism teaches that we may prune the branches, enrich the roots, and straighten the body of the Great Tree of Liberty, until its shade shall shield us all, until its fruits shall feed and nourish us.

"The coming party, then, is that one which will advocate the free use of the air which we breathe, the water which we drink, and an equal chance to dig in the mines which the great God has given to us, all sharing equally the burden of taxation. We will add to these cardinal principles the government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones; and then we shall have a platform of principles upon which the voters can agree, and march to certain victory.

"That the government can operate the railroads successfully has been demonstrated hundreds of times by bankrupt companies being managed by receivers. Our postal system is the wonder of the world. If we mail a book weighing one pound to a friend in Atchison, the cost will be just eight cents. We send another book by express to the same party, and the cost is 25 cents. Both books are taken in the same car, and each receive the same care and attention. If the railroads make a profit in transporting Uncle Sam's mail, what would you call their profits in carrying the people's express? Has this extortion a name? If so, it is the opposite of nationalism.

"To show how nationalism blesses both the laborer and consumer, let us notice a few figures taken from the postoffice in this city. There are 41 employees in all the departments of that institution. The 21 mail carriers receive $850 salary per annum, after the first year, and they get 15 days' vacation on full pay. The 17 clerks average $753 per annum salary. The 41 employees, from postmaster to messenger boy, average $74.54 per month wages. This speaks in thunder tones to the laboring men, and there is no argument which can refute these practical proofs of the successful workings of nationalism as applied to our postal affairs.

"So much for the laborer. Now let us notice the benefits for the consumer. 'You touch a man's pocket-book and you touch his soul,' says the old adage. This is generally true, and man is justified in looking out for his bread and butter. From statistics we find that, out of 55 of the largest cities in the United States, 35 own their own water works plants, the government the one at Washington, D. C. and private individuals own nineteen. The average annual rental for hydrants in dwellings is $11.53 where cities own the plants, to $17.70 where private individuals own them. This same rate of saving to the consumer will apply to railway transportation, telegraph, and telephone service and to the products consumed from the mines.

"And, last but not least, the nationalization of the liquor tariff will be the means of blotting that curse of all curses out of existence. You take away the money-making power from the saloon, and man will never debauch himself by dealing out the murderous poison.

"These are the eternal principles, then, around which men shall rally and bring about the political millennium. When that blessed accomplishment shall redeem the world, the husband and wife, brother and sister, side by side, will march to the polls and there deposit their ballots free and untrammeled. Yes, the women will vote in that coming time, for ignorance will have given way to enlightenment, sordid sin to Christian love, and grasping monopoly to patriotic devotion. There is no use to disguise the fact that there always has been a clash between capital and labor. Capital does control the laborer; and, as long as selfishness exists, it will oppress the poor who toil for their daily bread. But nationalism steps in and removes the cause of all contention. It gives the laborer the full worth of his hire and divides the profits among all the subjects of the government,

"This, then, is nationalism, pure and simple. A new party will spring into existnece and the chief corner-stone shall be the one eternal principle which has just been taken from the rubbish and wreck of corrupt politics. A century ago that Great Commoner, Thomas Jefferson, wrote: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' Upon this rock, then, the new party will be founded, and no storms of political turmoil or ravages of sordid selfishness will ever be able to overthrow it. May God speed that glorious revolution in party politics. If we but look we can see that time in the near future. We behold a world of turmoil and seeming chaos, a complete change and reconstruction of party policy; and above all this din of conflict and crash of old party lines, proudly floating in the breeze, is the banner of our cause, and on its ample folds are these burning letters in gold, 'The People, Nationalism, God.'"

WAGES IN FREE TRADE JAPAN

The British Minister Tokio, has an interesting report reviewing the progress of Japan in establishing thome industries, suggests that at the present rate of progress, "the Japanese will after a time hold their own with their instructors and without any assistance of a protective trriff shut importers out of their markets." We are told that since 1886 the amount of yarn annually produced in Japan has increased nearly sevenfold. During this period—from 1886 to 1890—the importations of yarn increased steadly for a time. Home consumptions and demand for export to China encouraged the supply up to 1888, when the imports were nearly double those of two years before. In 1890 the importations had fallen off by one third, while the home production had steadily increased. It is natural to suppose that this decline in imports is immediately connected with the growth of native manufactures."

Further on however, Minister FRASHER lets in a flood of light on the secret of Japanese abillity to cope with the foreign manufacturer. It is simply the low rate of wages that prevails in Japan. Minister Fraser describes as the advantage enjoyed by the Japanese mill owner the fact that he can keep his machinery going through the whole twenty-four hours, while he pays in wages the low rates of eight pence a day to men and from two pence to five pence to women." The equivalent in American money is sixteen cents a day for men. If the mill operatives in Japan work six days in a week the women receive from twenty four cents to sixty cents a week and the men receive ninety-six cents a week. it should be remembered that these figures are given in an official report from the official British representative in Japan to his home government, and are no doubt the result of careful inquiry and accurate information. If American manufacturers should pay their employes the Japanese free trade wages of from twenty-four cents to ninety six cents a week there is no doubt that they could get along without fear of British competition. But American manufacturers have no desire to pay and American employes have no desire to receive the free trade wages either of Gaeat Britain or Japan.

This report of Minister FRASHER is of great interest and importance for another reason. At the present rate of progress the twenty-four-cents-a-week factory labor of Japan will soon produce more than enough for the Japanese demand. Should the protective tariff be broken down in the United States the American market would be most convenient and accessible for the products of Japanse twenty-four-cents-a-week labor, and the quick and intelligent Japanese would not want to miss the opportunity. It should not be forgotten that European competition is not the only competition against which it is necessary to protect American industries. There is a vast field of cheap labor in Asia that is rapidly acquiring civilized arts and that is rapidly preparing to enter any western market that may be thrown open to the world. In Asia labor counts as a minor expense in manufactuuring; here, in America, it is the principal expense.

Free trade would ultimately and logically mean the degradation of American labor to the Asiatic level.

AMERICAN TIN PLATE.

The following communication from one of the largest manufactures in America will fully explain the "tin-plate" situation:

DEAR SIR:—

We are at a loss to understand how it is possible for any American to claim that Tin-plate cannot be made here. If you were to ask him if America could produce Watches, Mathematical Instruments, Electrical Appliances, Firearms Silk, Satin Carpets, Locomotives, Sheet Steel, Sheet Iron, Etc., he would proudly say "yes." Now take the position that America can produce sheet iron or sheet steel, and it will be proven that she can produce it fully equal in every respect to every country in the world. Does she produce pig lead, pig tin? Does she contain labor with the average amount of intelligence as found in the world? To every one of these questions the reply would be "yes," excepting in regard to the pig tin the reply may be that at the present time the quantity produced is limited.

There are two ways of making Tinplate, the Pure Palm Oil Process and the Acid-Flux Process. The Pure Palm Oil process is slow but it is the best and the only way by which really fine and durable plates can be made. The Acid Flux process is quick, cheap and easy.

That we may give you a clear illustration of the latter we had better take a box of 10 14x20 cheap roofing tin, which is composed of 105 lbs. of sheet iron or sheet steel, an article of American manufacture which no one will deny who has any knowledge of the output of our rolling mills. Now what is done with this to make the finished plate? The sheets are pickled and washed, a very simple and cheap process already done in hundreds of plants working in this country in the making of galvanized iron, etc. They are then taken to a patent machine, worked by two boys. This machine contains about 500 lbs. of metal, the proportion say about one pound of tin and nine pounds of lead. At the present value of metals this mixture is worth less than 6 cents per lb.

These two boys can tin the sheets at the rate of 13 per minute. You therefore see they can finish a box in about nine minutes and the amount of coating put on is 1½ lbs. To arrive at the value of a box of such tin complete you take nine cents as the value of the metal; the boys' wages for nine minutes and add the value of the sheet iron or steel and the cost of cleaning it, the total being the net cost. This is the entire situation.

A country that can produce almost everything, from a pin to a locomotive, should surely be able to take the output of its rolling mills and simply coat it with pure tin or a mixture of tin and lead. To those who take the position against the industry on account of the question of block tin we would say that the British or Welsh manufacturers do not get their tin at home. There is no tin in Wales and what little is mined in England is not of a quality suitable for making Tinplate. All tin used in making Tinplate comes from the East Indies, and London is the principal market. If we, as manufacturers here in Philadelphia, were compelled to go to the same market as the English or Welsh manufacturers we would not pay any more for our tin landed here in Philadelphia than the manufacturers in England or Wales, who pay more than 13 cents per 100 lbs. freight from London; the ocean rate of freight from London to Philadelphia being only 13 cents per 100 lbs. and the only difference in cost between the Tinplate made in Great Britain and America is the simple item of labor.

We do not think any American should feel very proud of his country going to a foreign country for millions of tons of coated sheet iron or sheet steel simply because we have never carried on the mere operation of putting the coating on the iron made here, which is as fine a quality as is made in any part of the world.

If the prices of sheet iron or sheet steel, of lead, tin, labor in America are right then the price of the product of these combined, namely tinplates, must be right. If it is not, then they are all wrong and America should get her supplies of Tinplate, iron, steel, metals, etc., from foreign countries and cease to be a producer. The thought is un-American, and in most cases we believe is entertained on account of ignorance.

Very truly,
N. & G. TAYLOR Co.

She greeted Olive kindly enough and started slowly up a dark staircase to lead her to a bedroom. The willing lad had already carried up her box, and when the door was shut she went to the glass and surveyed herself discontentedly by gas-light. Out of doors in the country the sweet May daylight was lingering still, but night falls early on a London household.

"He must have thought me looking dowdy and plain," she mused, taking off her bonnet and flinging it on the bed. "Lucy was right when she told me to get my new clothes made in town. He sees so many beautifully dressed girls that he feels ashamed of me."

It comforted Olive to lay the blame of Michael's coldness on her village bonnet. She was not without a little natural vanity, and had always been accustomed to hear that she was a pretty girl. Michael had said so, many and many a time in the earlier days of their love-making. Out-spoken compliments were in fashion at Eastmeon, and even the "bumpkins," as Michael contemptuously termed them, were not insensible to the charm of a pair of soft brown eyes. These same eyes were now gazing at the reflection of their owner through tears, but Olive resolutely conquered the desire to weep.

Not only because she wanted to look her prettiest did she keep the tears back. For the sake of the good uncle, a stranger, and yet well known, she would carry a smiling face downstairs. She had looked only for a little kindness, but he had received her into a warm atmosphere of love and taken her at once to his heart. Already she could not help comparing his tenderness with Michael's hardness, and remembering that Michael had written of him with a kind of scornful pity. Perhaps, it was because of that very tenderness that Uncle Wake was an unsuccessful man. If so, Olive began vaguely to feel that it was best to be a failure.

The little parlor looked bright enough when she reentered it, and Michael was struck with her improved appearance. The girl had a will of her own, and she had put all traces of her disappointment out of sight. She still wore the scanty gown, but her pretty shape revealed itself in spite of rustic dress-making; and the soft rough hair, no longer hidden under the objectionable bonnet, curled carelessly over her white forehead. The old enchantment began to steal over Michael's spirit anew; he watched Olive as she talked to the Wakes; her face, lovely in repose, gained new charms when she smiled and spoke. With care and training—his training, she might yet be admired in the circles that he was struggling to enter. Anyhow she was his own chosen sweetheart, and the best part of his nature would cling to her to the end.

Mrs. Wake had taken possession of the flowers and lingered over them with a faint show of pleasure. She had put some hyacinths on the supper table and again their perfume saddened Olive and carried her thoughts back to old days. Michael was here, sitting by her side, but she found herself longing for a younger and simpler Michael, who had stood beside her father's grave with his eyes full of tears.

But before the evening meal came to an end the lovers were on better terms with each other. And when Michael rose to take his leave Uncle Wake disappeared into the dark shop and his wife vanished like a phantom, leaving the young pair alone together.

"Olive," said the young man, taking her into his arms and looking into her face with all the old fondness, "Olive, I can scarcely believe that this is not a dream. I shall see you every Sunday, dear; you don't know how I have always missed you on Sundays. Give me a kiss and convince me that you are a real creature. I'm half afraid of waking up to-morrow and finding that you are still miles away from me."

For the second time she lifted her face to his, less frankly and gladly than before. She loved him as truly and deeply as ever, but the girlish confidence in herself would never return. For the future she would be on her guard against mistakes; she had learned to control those natural impulses of affection which had hitherto been unchecked. And the lesson had been mastered very quickly, for there is no learner more rapid than a loving woman.

"I am real enough, Michael," she said, quietly. "There is no fear of my going back to Eastmeon, even if I could travel on the wings of the wind like the princess in a fairy tale. You know I am not wanted there."

"I am glad you have left them. I did not like my future wife to live under the same roof with Tom Challock and his girls."

"But there is something good in Peggy and Jane."

"Olive, you must forget Peggy and Jane; it doesn't matter whether they are good or bad. You have now to train yourself for the position you will fill one day."

"Yes, Michael, I am quite willing to train myself," she answered meekly.

He was pleased to regard her with an air of gracious approval, and drew her closer into his arms.

"Dearest Olive," he said in an encouraging tone, "I will take care of you, and help you in everything. You have only to trust in my guidance and you will be a very happy woman."

He spoke as if her happiness was entirely in his hands—as if it were the easiest thing in the world to insure her perfect contentment in the future—as if he could lift her out of the reach of life's common ills, and its chances and changes. Nothing is more surprising than the confidence which some people have in themselves. Michael Chase had always believed immensely in himself, and he felt so wise and admirable at this moment that he would have cheerfully directed the affairs of the nation.

"And now good night, dear," he added, "I shall come to you after breakfast to-morrow. We will have a long day together."

Then he went his way, and Olive heard the shop-door shut and bolted after him. Mrs. Wake reappeared, and asked, in her faint voice, if she was not quite worn out?

"Olive is made of capital stuff that's warranted to stand a good deal of wear and tear," said Samuel Wake, coming forward again. "But if she is the wise girl I take her to be, she will go and get a night's rest as soon as she can."

All was order in her little room, but it was hard to lie down and sleep after such an exciting day. It seemed to Olive that it was a day taken out of some one else's life which had got into her life by mistake. At last she shut her eyes and rested her head on the pillow, and then all the sights that she had seen and the voices she had heard were repeated in the darkness.

"Does he love me as well as ever?" thought Olive. "I think so, I hope so;" and with an honest heart she told herself that all would come right in the end.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST LONDON SUNDAY.

Olive woke up in the morning as fresh and bright as ever; but she was a little disposed to undervalue her freshness and brightness. She had nothing better to wear than her village bonnet and gown, and to-day she was going to church with Michael. The girl's heart was very tender and humble; a flash of disapproval from the eyes she loved would make her utterly miserable. She was living in a world of feeling, and only doing her part in the outer world mechanically.

Uncle Wake glanced at her now and then as they sat at breakfast, and there was something in her face that sent his thoughts straying back into the past. Some one else used to look at him with brown eyes like Olive's. When she spoke her voice was an echo of another voice that had been hushed for years. The little wan woman who poured out his coffee was almost forgotten; all the light and color of his life had died out with the death of his first love, the wife of his youth. He had married his first wife because he had need of her, and had taken his second because she had need of him.

Michael came in when breakfast was over. And if in Olive's eyes he had seemed imposing on Saturday night, he was truly magnificent on Sunday morning. His clothes were fashionable and unmistakably new, and he wore a dainty "buttonhole." Uncle Wake surveyed him with quiet amusement, and watched to see the effect of all this splendor on Olive. The effect was certainly depressing.

HE WAS TRULY MAGNIFICENT.

The girl looked at her lover doubtfully and shyly. Samuel Wake knew, almost as if she had told him in words, what was passing in her mind. All his life he had been intensely interested in other people's lives, and now he understood what Olive was feeling, and what Michael was not feeling. He saw that she went unwillingly upstairs to get ready for their walk, and he was sure that she would return with an anxious look, afraid of being seen a second time in that countrified bonnet.

She came back with just the look that he had expected to see, and Michael instantly made an exasperating remark.

"Haven't you another bonnet, Olive?" he asked. "That did very well in the train, but it does not do for this morning."

"I am sorry," she said gently, with a deep blush. "I am going to buy some new things to-morrow."

"If I were a young man I should not look at the bonnet while that face was inside it."

This observation came from Uncle Wake, and Michael passed it over in contemptuous silence. A few minutes later the young couple went out together into the sunshiny street, and Olive was utterly disappointed and disappointed.

"My dear girl," said Michael, after a pause, "you must really begin to study your appearance. You ought to have been better dressed for my sake. We may meet some of the people I know. Sometimes on Sundays I have even run up against Edward Battersby himself. Of course he would expect me to introduce him to you, and what would he think of that bonnet and gown?"

"I am sorry," poor Olive repeated, "but you know, Michael, that you wished me to come on a Saturday. If I had arrived early in the week I could have got some new things ready for Sunday."

"Why not have bought some better things before you started?" he asked irritably.

"Michael, have you forgotten what kind of place Eastmeon is?" His unreasonable words provoked her. "Have you forgotten that I have been living miles away from any town?"

He had really forgotten it for the moment. They walked on together in silence along the Strand, and when they turned into Trafalgar square Olive almost forgot her annoyance. She stood still with a brightening face to look at the great stone lions asleep in the sunlight, and the foam and sparkle of the fountains. Other people looked at her as they went by, and half smiled at the fresh delight that shone in her brown eyes. Michael hurried her on.

"Do try to take things calmly," he implored. "That brute who has just passed us was actually laughing at you. In London, people don't go into raptures in the streets."

There was no need for a second warning against raptures. With such a wet blanket hanging over her Olive was not likely to enjoy any more sights that morning. She walked on dejectedly by his side, and asked herself if this was the life she had dreamed of? Must she always live in a dreary state of self-repression, forbidden to rejoice? And this was that first walk together which she had longed for so blindly; this was "the distant and the dim" that she had been so "sick to greet!"

It seemed to her an interminabel walk, and yet her limbs were not weary. They got at last to the Marble Arch, and her heart revived a little at the sight of grass and trees. Michael led her to a bench, and they sat down.

"We won't go to church this morning," he said. "I confess I'm not a church-going man. I like fresh air, it clears my brain and strengthens me for the week's work; and now we can talk quietly, Olive, and I can tell you about something which has been in my mind for nearly two years."

She prepared herself to listen. After all, it was silly of her to be unhappy because he had found fault with her rustic ways. She supposed that training was always rather a painful process. Here, with the tender green of the young foliage quivering overhead, and the May sunshine resting on the broad space of sward in front of her, she was feeling more like her old self. And surely if Michael had not loved her he would not have been so anxious to tell her everything!

"You know," he began, "how rapidly I have been rising ever since I went to Battersby's works. Old Battersby is breaking down very fast; he has not been the same man since his brother died. It was after the brother's death that Edward Battersby was taken into partnership, and when his father dies he will be the sole representative of the firm."

Olive was honestly trying to give him her full attention, but all this was not very interesting. Two girls went tripping by; they wore golden-brown frocks and straw bonnets adorned with buttercups that looked as if they had been freshly gathered from the water meadow at home. She could not help wondering how much their costumes had cost and sighing for a buttercup bonnet. Then another girl came by with her swain, and her dress was perfectly enchanting.

"I have made myself useful to Edward Battersby in a hundred ways," Michael went on. "There is no need to tell you how I have managed to slip into his confidence. He is a weak sort of fellow, and his brains are not half as good as mine. He is glad enough to use me and I let myself be used, but only to serve my own ends by and by."

Olive glanced at him and saw a smile of self-satisfaction hovering round his mouth and a gleam of triumph in his blue eyes. And all at once she remembered that Lucy Cromer had not admired Michael's eyes, although she had admitted that their color was beautiful. Lucy had said that they were cold, and the remark had made Olive quite angry. She hardly knew why such foolish words had come back to her at this moment, but they pained her a little.

"I shall be able to wind him round my finger soon," he continued. "You see I have always held myself well in hand. Smiles says: 'It may be of comparatively little consequence how a man is governed from without, whilst everything depends upon how he governs himself from within.' The man who rises is the man who has learned the secret of self-government. Now Edward Battersby would never learn that secret if he were to live a hundred years. He lets himself be swayed by every whim that seizes him. He gratifies every passing desire and runs after everything that attracts his eyes. I have a purpose, Olive, I am treading the road that leads up to it, and I never turn aside from my path for a single instant."

"You are wonderfully strong, Michael—father always said so," cried Olive, speaking straight from her heart.

"I should lose all my strength if I did not watch myself," he replied. "You don't know how it weakens a man if he slackens his hold on self just once."

Olive looked at him almost with reverence; his words sounded so good and wise and brave. A few moments before, when she had caught that fleeting expression of triumphant cunning on his face, she had felt a cold little doubt creeping into her mind. But that look was gone, and now she saw the same strong, earnest Michael who had won her father's respect years ago.

MICHAEL SPEAKS OF HIS PLANS.

"I rule while I seem to be ruled," he said, meeting her gaze with a smile; "and if I succeed in carrying out all my plans, the firm will one day be Battersby & Chase."

She drew a long breath, and there was a child's wonder in her eyes. The idea seemed so stupendous, so grand!

"Perhaps you think this is a preposterous notion, Olive. But listen, my dear girl. I am working hard at an invention of my own, and I believe it will soon be perfected. If it is perfected I shall persuade Edward Battersby to give it a trial, and I am firmly convinced that it will answer the purpose for which it is intended."

"What is the purpose, Michael?" she asked, eagerly.

"The saving of labor. If my idea is carried out we shall employ about half as many hands as we do now. We have too many men lumbering about the works and pocketing our profits. What I want to do is to sweep away the dunderheads and keep only those who have intelligence. I happen to know that young Battersby, well off as he is, always wants more money than he has got. Think what we shall gain in the saving of wages! You don't understand business details, my dear child, but you can grasp my meaning."

"Yes, oh, yes," she answered, a bright color coming and going in her cheeks. "Only, Michael, what will become of all the dunderheads?"

"What does it matter what becomes of them?"

He spoke with an irritated air of surprise, and she could scarcely find courage to speak again.

"I think it does matter. I know it must be hard for a clever man to consider the interests of the stupid ones, and yet—"

"I have a good deal of patience, Olive," said her lover, lifting his eyebrows. "I will remind you that if we always had to stop and consider the interests of the stupid ones we should never advance at all. But I won't argue with you! It is always waste of time to argue with a woman. I have got to think and act, my dear, and your part is to trust me and enjoy the fruits of my toil. Most people would say that you had no reason to complain of your lot. Some would go so far as to call you a very lucky girl."

"And they would be quite right, dear," she cried, resting a gentle hand upon his arm. "Don't think that I do not appreciate all your energy and pluck—don't think that I am not grateful for your willingness to work for me. Only—only, I am sure we shall be all the happier if we can honestly tell ourselves that no one is any the worse for our success."

He laughed, a little indulgent laugh.

"By and by, when we have reached our goal, we shan't remember the obstacles that we cleared away from our path," he said gayly. "You talk very prettily, Olive; I am pleased to hear you express yourself so well. But later on, when you have plenty of money to spend on dresses and knick-knacks, you won't sing the same song. You will give to charities, of course, and buy things at bazaars, and patronize concerts, and that is all that can be reasonably expected of you."

He did not see her disappointed look. She had turned her face away, and was gazing across the park with grave, sad eyes. She had dreamt of a life that was to be lived with him—a life full of deep meaning and brave effort, a life that was not made up of show and self-seeking. Perhaps she had not counted much on enjoyment; her pleasures had been simple and few, and all her ideas of happiness were centered in him. But she had pictured them as working together, not for themselves only, but for others' welfare also, and in a dim way she had realized that if we want to know what kind of life we are living, we must look for its reflection in the lives around us.

"I suppose I need not caution you," he said after a brief silence; "but it is important that no one should be told anything about my plans. Don't discuss my affairs with your uncle Wake; he is a man with whom I can't sympathize, a man who has wasted his capacities in an absurdly unreasonable way."

"Of course I won't tell him anything," Olive answered; "but I wish you liked him better, Michael, for I already love him."

"Love is a valuable article and ought not to be given away in haste," said Michael with one of his indulgent smiles. "But as you are to live under his roof, it is well that you don't find him unendurable. You will have a feast of books, little woman. Ah, that pleases you!"

She looked up with all the light of youth and joy in her beautiful face.

"It seems," she said, "as if I should never get to the end of all my delights. Are you going to take me home now? Well, Michael, we must go to church this evening."

"To satisfy you, I suppose we must," he replied. "You women seem to think that you can't keep good without going to church."

He was very kind and gracious as they went homeward, and told her the names of the streets, pointing out objects of interest with untiring good nature. The Wakes did not ask where they had been. Samuel Wake's own face brightened when he saw that his niece looked happy. And then came the Sunday dinner, and afterwards a pleasant afternoon spent in a larger sitting-room upstairs; and Olive and Michael turned over piles of books to their hearts' content. The shopkeeper sold second-hand volumes as well as new ones, and Olive liked the old books best of all. She was a little disappointed when Michael said that he never read any poetry nowadays.

"You used to like some of the verses in my 'Christian Year,'" she said regretfully; "I have heard you repeat them."

"Very likely; but I have outlived all the poetry of life. That only comes to us at the beginning of the journey," he answered.

"And at the close," said Uncle Wake.

"Well, I'm not near the close yet." Michael spoke with high good humor. "But Olive may read as many verses as she pleases. I have got to think and work."

"I shall work, too," said Olive, with a quick, bright glance. "I must begin tomorrow."

Michael's brow darkened.

"If I had my will you should not do anything," he cried.

"But you cannot have your will, dear Michael," she answered, gently. "You knew that I was coming here to get work; and Uncle Wake has satisfied himself that my employers are respectable people. Besides, I don't want to be idle."

Michael turned back to the books with a dissatisfied look, and Samuel Wake began to point out the merits of some quaint old engravings. Then came tea and the young pair set out for Westminster Abbey.

A slight rain had fallen, and Michael laughed at Olive's enthusiasm for the showery lights shining everywhere and and the thin clouds blown by soft winds across the crowd of housetops and spires. She was silent when they drew near the abbey, and her hand clung closely to his arm. They were late, the service had already begun, and a great wave of music came sweeping towards them. The girl bowed her head and hid her tears; already she was realizing that she must not let Michael get too many glimpses of her inner self. Of course he loved her. Did he not speak confidently of the future life that they were to live together? But what sort of a life would it be?

Here in the solemn old abbey, with the misty arches overhead and the waves of music rolling over her, Olive's heart was throbbing with awe and gratitude. So much had been given already; she had been led out of a narrow world into a wide one; here were chanting voices and deep organ-notes expressing all that words could not say! A flood of feeling overwhelmed her; she was worshiping and giving thanks in her tears and silence. And Michael by her side stood perfectly unmoved, wishing that they had not come.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

"I'm glad it is over," he said as they were coming out. "Another shower, and a heavy one, too. After all, Olive, it is a good thing you have your old bonnet on; it will stand wetting, and I have not seen a single acquaintance all day."

CHAPTER VII.

AMONG FLOWERS.

Mrs. Wake was ready to accompany Olive to the flower-shop on Monday morning. Pale and shadowy as ever, the little woman was quite equal to the occasion, and even spoke a few words of encouragement to her companion.

"Michael Chase doesn't want you to work," she said. "But you will be all the happier for an occupation, Olive. I wish we had found something for our Jessie to do. We kept her here, mooning about the house and going for aimless walks; and so it came to pass that the idle young woman met with an idle young man. He thought she had money because she had nothing to do. Idleness is a sign of riches. If she had been a busy working girl she would have escaped George Burnett."

"The wife isn't always wrong," said Samuel, who had been listening with rather a sad smile. "And the foolish father was the chief person to be blamed. It was my fault, Olive. Poor Jessie was a delicate-looking white thing, pretty in her way; and I thought she was too fragile to go into a business. George Burnett took her for an heiress, I suppose. He believed that I could afford to keep her, and her husband, too."

"You are fortunate, Olive," sighed Mrs. Wake. "Michael isn't courting you for what he can get. He loves you, doesn't he, Samuel?"

Samuel nodded, and added, mentally: "As much as he can love anyone."

He always preserved a vivid remembrance of his own youth, and nothing would have induced him to meddle with the course of a love affair. But was this a true love affair? One person was in love with himself, and only wanted a wife to feed and nourish his self-love; the other was clinging fondly to an ignoble being, tricked out in a fancy costume of her own making. True love dwells among dreams and fitful lights and shadows; but its dreams take a definite shape and come to life, and then it is not afraid to stand face to face with them.

This curious, unsuccessful old man understood Olive very well, and as the days went on he saw that she suffered from feelings that were many and complicated. She was always trusting and mistrusting; doubting and longing to believe; unquiet, because the truth that was in her would not let her be satisfied with shams. Very gladly would he have toiled for her, and spared her all necessity of work. But he knew that work was good for her—that the world was good for her—that the sight of many faces and the sound of many voices would help her along that difficult, unseen path which every one of us must tread alone.

She settled easily and naturally into her place in Burridge's flower shop, and all Lucy Cromer's predictions were fulfilled. It was only with Michael that Olive was nervous and shy; with other people she could hold her own modestly and quietly, yet with resolution. The ceaseless roar of the great street soon ceased to be confusing. She sat steadily at her work behind the counter, bending her small brown curly head over the fragrant blossoms. There was always a great deal to do. Wreaths and crosses for the dead; bridal bouquets; sprays and graceful trailing clusters for ball dresses. Her deft fingers did wonders with flowers, arranging them among many shaded leaves and delicate maidenhair. The window was filled with specimens of her handiwork; passers-by paused spellbound; the charm of her fancy gave a new beauty to the fair, frail things that she touched with dainty skill.

One day some one came into the shop and ordered a spray of yellow roses. Olive was as busy as usual; but when he spoke she looked up. He was a well built man, slightly above middle height, and he was looking at her with a pair of thoughtful gray eyes, dark and rather lethargic. He had a clear, gentle voice and slow manner, in which, however, there was not the slightest affectation. Nothing in his face was remarkable; the skin was bronzed, the features irregular, and a tawny mustache drooped over the mouth. Yet there was something in those heavy-lidded gray eyes that made Olive think of them again.

There was a lady with him; a well made woman, not beautiful, but distinctly thoroughbred. She wore a jacket and gown of brown tweed, and the plain costume seemed to adapt itself to all the easy movements of the wearer. She too looked at Olive; and the girl's quick ear caught the sentence that the man said to her in a low voice. It was something about Dante's Matilda, "who on the edge of happy Lethe, stood wreathing flowers with flowers."

They departed, and Olive went on with her wreathing. Often, in a silent fashion, she talked with the blossoms as she picked them carefully out of the scented heaps before her, and confided her thoughts

"To the lily-bells tender,
And gray heliotropes."

And they in their turn breathed out fragrant memories of her childhood and early girlhood; of the plants that her father and mother had tended in their cottage garden; of the May garlands that the village children had carried from door to door; of the nosegay that Michael had brought her one summer morning, his first love-gift. Simple memories indeed, yet they helped to keep her spirit fresh and sweet, and cherish her old love for the humble country home that was now so far away.

Nowadays, with all the stores of Uncle Wake's shop at her command, she spent a great deal of time in book-world. And the books filled her mind while her fingers were busy, and kept her brain so happily occupied that she missed many undesirable things which she might otherwise have seen and heard. While she set cluster beside cluster, she thought sometimes of Perdita at the sheep-shearing, offering posies to the shepherd's guests; or perhaps of Nydia, the blind flower-girl of Pompeii, weaving her chaplets in the Thessalian fashion; or of those heavenly flowers which St. Dorothea sent to Theophilus after her martyrdom. And all the while the roar of the great world was going on, and the endless procession went sweeping along palatial Regent street, while one quiet maiden dreamed her dreams and wove her garlands in peace.

IN BURRIDGE'S FLOWER-SHOP.

[Continued on page 5.]

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For the benefit of delegates and visitors to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago, on June 21st, 1892, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Chicago, from all principal stations on its lines, at a *single fare for the round trip*. The rates from New York is $20.00; Philadelphia, $18.25, Baltimore, $17.00; Washington, $17.00, and other stations in proportion. The tickets will be sold from June 16th to 20th, inclusive, and the return coupons will be good to leave Chicago until July 8th, 1892. Tickets will be accepted for passage on the Pennsylvania Limited in either directions in connection with proper extra fare checks.

I AM AN OLD MAN.

Shall be 76 years of age next June, and for the last six years have suffered from general debility and old age. At times I could not get out of bed without help. I commenced to take Sulphur Bitters. In a week I felt stronger and got a mighty fine appetite. I still continued their use, and to-day I walked over three miles without feeling tired, something I haven't done in five years before Sulphur Bitters is a right smart medicine.—George Brown, Keokuk, Iowa.

THE New York World says that Holman "has labored unceasingly among the Democratic members to persuade them of what would be the result of yielding too much to local importunities for appropriations." But the World does not tell how Holman labored personally before the River and Harbor Committee to induce them to include in their bill an appropriation of $13.000 for an embankment along the Miami River in Holman's district. It is alleged that this is intended to prevent the obstruction of navigation in the Ohio by the formation of a bar opposite the mouth of the Miami. But Mr. Reed plainly showed that it was of no effect in this service, and was in reality designed to keep floods from the town of Lawrenceburg, in Holman's district, and to keep the roadbeds of certain railroads "out of the wet." If the railroads belonged to the government as they should, we might not have reason to object to this appropriation; but as these roads are the property of corporations it looks a good deal like a job intended to win favor with his powerful and wealthy constituents, rather than a desire for economy. He seems to be in favor of the worst kind of extravagance in his own district, where it may help him to retain a hold upon his own people while trying to gain a reputation as the watch dog of the treasury" as relates to every kind of expenditure in other parts of the country Your Uncle Holman can tell a hawk from a handsaw.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.
FOR SALE BY—C. M. Parish.

—The Y. M. C. A. festival at their rooms on Decoration day was a success, eighteen dollars were the net profits of the enterprise. This completes the amount required to furnish the rooms including the parlor furniture. The statement made in the *Gazette* that a festival would be held on fourth of July to raise money for furnishing is incorrect. No arrangements have been made for a festival on that day.

MANY SAY

"why does DR. HUMPHREY continue to advertise his SPECIFICS, everybody knows about them." Do you use them? No. Then that's why. Try them.

KENTUCKY is for CARLISLE for President in dead earnest, and Kentucky never takes water under any circumstances.

COPYRIGHT 1890

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

"Voyagers on life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe."

"To yourself be true," "and thou cans't not then be false to any man." "Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting." Then "be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer." Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for all affections of the lungs and throat. It is likewise a wonderful liver tonic, and invigorator.

All the year round, you may rely upon Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's not like the sarsaparillas, that are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May. The "Discovery" works equally well at all times, and in all cases of blood-taints, or humors, no matter what their name or nature. It cures all Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, as Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier, sold through druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

Can you ask more?

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

"I Am To Tired"

Is a common exclamation of this season. There is a certain bracing effect in cold air which is lost when the weather grows warmer; and when Nature is renewing her youth, her admirers feel dull, sluggish and tired. This condition is owing mainly to the impure condition of the blood, and its failure to supply healthy tissue to the various organs of the body. It is remarkable how susceptible the system is to the help to be derived from a good medicine at this season. Possessing just these purifying, building-up qualities which the body craves Hood's Sarsaparilla soon overcomes that tired feeling, restores the appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, imparts vigorous health. Its thousands of friends as with one voice declare "It Makes the Weak Strong."

John, have you seen that woman lately?

John, in astonishment, what woman?

That woman in another column picking grapes for Speer's Wines, and read about it; the wines are found by chemists to be absolutely pure and the best in the world. The Boards of Health in large cities and leading hospitals have adopted their use where wines are needed.

A MILLION FRIENDS.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; Coughs, and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all disease of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at C. M. Parrish's Drug store Large bottles 50c. and $1.00.

Spring Fever

The gradual opening of the budding trees and the shooting upwards of the blades of grass are signs of the advent of spring the farmer is already at work stimulating the growth of his crop by fertilizers to insure a rich harvest. Nature needs stimulation and why should not man? The system needs building up after the attacks of Grip and cold, and the only tonic is pure whiskey. Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa., has the endorsement of eminent physicians, certifying to the purity of his famous Silver Age and Duquense Rye Whiskies. Sold everywhere at $1.50 per full quart. Six-year-old Penn Rye Whiskies *absolutely pure* at $1 00 per quart or 6 quarts for $5.00. Send for catalogue and price list of all kinds of liquors to Max Klein, 85 Federal street, Pittsburg, Pa.

I HAD FAITH.

Abont six months ago I was advised to consult Mrs. Hall, the great spiritualist doctor, to see if she could cure me of scrofula, from which I have suffered from childhood. She said if I would have faith in the medicine she gave me that she could cure me. I took her medicine and in less than three months I was cured. Why, the way the medicine worked was a miracle. I begged of her to tell me what the medicine was made of, but she said she could not do so. Finally she told me the medicine was Sulphur Bitters, and that she never knew it to fail in such cases as mine.—Mrs Clara Knowlton, Boston, Mass.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

PRICE 50 CTS.

IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE & THE CHEAPEST.

may27-1y

RUPTURE

DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year **at special rates,** at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

MYSTIC CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. CURES IN A DAY

A New and Wonderful Discovery

which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.

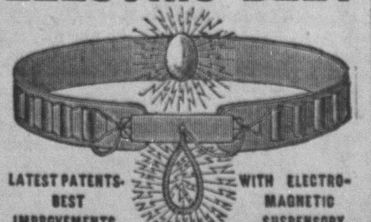
Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.

Write for treatise and testimonials.

PRICE, 75 CENTS.
Dr. I. A. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

DR. SANDEN'S

ELECTRIC BELT



LATEST PATENTS—BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.

Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.

Our powerful improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY to the greatest boon ever offered weak men; FREE WITH ALL BELTS.

Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 DAYS. Send for large illustrated pamphlets, sealed, free by mail. Address

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,
No. 819 Broadway, NEW YORK.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	WESTWARD A.M	A.M	P.M.
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 45	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 33	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 36	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 51	4 54
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 40	5 39
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 47
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	6 00
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	6 09
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 35	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 49	6 15
Dix—t	46.3	6 33	11 52	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 58	6 25
Vail	51.2	9 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 46	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	EASTWARD A.M	P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		7 55	2 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	8 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 45	3 20	7 36
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	8 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	2 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	2 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	2 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	2 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 54
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 08
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 54	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.2	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 40
Beech Creek	45 0	10 20	5 13	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 38	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 15
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 33	10 19

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.				Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
P.M	A.M						
5 05	9 51			...SCOTIA...	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	...	...Fairbrook...	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	3.7	...	Penna. Furnace...	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6		...Hostler f...	15.9	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3		...Marengo f...	13.0	8 44	4 01
5,57	10 52	13.5		...Loveville f...	12.1	8 37	3 75
6 04	10 58	15.2		Furnace Road f...	10.4	8 31	3 40
6 08	11 02	15.8		...Dungarvin f...	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2		...Warriors Mark...	7.4	8 12	3 26
6,28	11 20	20.5		...Pennington...	5.1	8 10	3 10
6 40	11 32	23.5		...Stover...	2.1	7 58	3 1
6,50	11 40	25.6		...TYRONE...		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.30 a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 2.00 p. m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.00 p m.
Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m. arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.			Eastward p.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15		...MONTANDON...	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.18	2.25	Ar.	LEWISBURG. Lv	5.20	9.10	5.35
1.5	6.18	2.25	Lv.	LEWISBURG. Ar	.....	9.10	5.35
5.4	6.30	2.35		...Elchl f...	.....	8.50	5.25
6.8	6.35	2.40		...Vicksburg f...	.....	8.35	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50		...MIFFLINBURG...	.....	8.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57		...Barber f...	.....	8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03		...Swengle f...	.....	8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05		...Millmont...	.....	8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14		...LAURELTON...	.....	8.17	4.46
22.5	7.19	3.25		...Pardee f...	.....	8.06	4.35
28.9	7.33	3.38		...Cherry Run f...	.....	7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.45		...Paddy Mt. Tunnel f...	.....	7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54		...Ingleby f...	.....	7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00		...Coburn...	.....	7.29	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08		...Zerby f...	.....	7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17		...Rising Springs...	.....	7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25		...Penn's Cave f...	.....	7.05	3.37
49.2	8.24	4.30		...CENTRE HALL...	.....	6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37		...Greggf...	.....	6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43		...Linden Hall...	.....	6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48		...OAK HALL...	.....	6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52		...LEMONT...	.....	6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57		...Dale Summit f...	.....	6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06		...Pleasant Gap f...	.....	6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10		...Axemann f...	.....	6.15	
67.4	9.10	5.15		...BELLEFONTE...	.....	6.10	2.40

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAILROAD STATION.

EASTWARD. No.6	No.2	Dis.	STATIONS	Dis.	WESTWARD No.1	No.3
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 29	9 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE. Lv	0.	6 00	3 00
6 13	9 03	17.	...Scales...	1.	6 37	3 0a
6 08	8 59	16	...Morris...	2.	6 11	2 54
6 05	8 54	15.	...Whitmer...	4.	6 15	3 0
5 59	8 51		...Linn...		6 1	2 28
5 57	8 48	12.5	...Hunters...	5.5	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.2	...Filmore...	6.8	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	...Briarly...	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 43	8 36	8.	...Waddles...	10.	6 38	3 43
	8 33		...Matterns...			3 45
	8 25		...Stormstown...			3 53
	8 19		...Isel Bank...			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	...Scotia Crossing...	11.1	6 46	4 09
5 24	7 25	2.	...Krumride...	16.	7 00	4
5 20	7 20	0.	Lv STATE COLLEGE Ar	18.	7 04	5

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.
Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.
Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.
THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 25	p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 33	a m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10	a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31	a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55	a m
"	" Renovo "	8 55	a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 40	p m
GRA EX.	l'ves Phila week d'ys	8 50	a m
"	" Harrsburg "	12 00	m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 20	p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10	p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15	p m
"	" Kane "	9 20	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 20	p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days	11 40	a m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10	p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	12 15	p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00	p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia	4 35	a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10	a m
"	" Williamsport	11 20	a m
"	arrives at Lock Haven	12 15	p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'ves Phila	4 25	p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 32	p m
"	arrive Williamsport	10 20	p m

EASTWARD.

Sea Shore Express	l'vs L Haven w	7 20	a m
"	" Jersey Shore	7 48	a m
"	" Wms'port	8 25	a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	11 25	a m
"	" Phila	3 15	a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days	6 50	a m
"	Renovo	10 20	a m
"	Lock Haven	11 20	a m
"	Williamsport	12 30	p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 30	p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50	p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	5 27	p m
"	" Renovo	10 35	p m
"	" Lock Haven	11 25	p m
"	" Williamsport	12 25	p m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	3 22	p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50	p m
RENOVO A'N	leaves Renovo	4 45	p m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	10 05	p m
"	" Philadelphia	4 25	a m
WMS'PORT EXP.	lv's Wms'port	2 42	a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	5 30	a m
"	leaves "	7 00	a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia	10 20	a m

Erie Mail West. Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail east and West connect at Erie

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $5 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary, "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary, "
H. C. Quigley, " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W. I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J. A. Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B S Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg "	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 W H C Warfel	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P J M	Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P C P	Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Mosbannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson " W P	John Campbell	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fleuler
Haines " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
Snow Shoe E P	J. K. McMullen	Snow Snow
Snow Shoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P M P	Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P W H	Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Fort Matilda

REPUBLICAN RECIPROCITY DID IT.

In 1889, taking the three years ending March 31 of that year, under a democratic administration, the value of merchandise imported free of duty into the United States amounted to $254,294,235, or 34.65 per cent, of the total imports during that time.

In 1892, taking the three years ending March 31 of that year, under a Republican administration, and a year and a half of that time under the present Republican tariff, our free imports amounted in value to $461,473,523, or 55.13 per cent. of the entire imports during that period.

Thus under Republican protection and reciprocity, not only were our industries duly protected, but our free imports, consisting largely of coffee, tea, sugar, etc., were increased during the time in question to the value of $207,170,288.

In 1891, during the seven months ending March 31, the exports of coal from the United States to Cuba amounted in value to $496,199.

In 1892, under Republican reciprocity, during the corresponding period, our exports of coal to that country amounted in value to $668,952.

This increase of $172,553, or 34.8 per cent., was caused by Republican reciprocity.

In 1891, during the entire year there was a decrease of British exports amounting to 5.6 per cent.

In 1892, taking the twelve months ending April 30 of this year, there was an increase of exports from the United States amounting to 15.02 per cent.

This shows how Republican protection stimulates commerce, while British free trade, which democrats want here, diminishes it.

In 1889, taking the three years ending March 31 of that year, under a democratic administration, the excess of the exports of the United States over its imports amounted in value to $28,984,379, or an annual average of $9,661,459.

In 1892, taking the three years ending March 31 of that year, under a Republican tariff, the excess of our exports over imports amounted in value to $281,197,367, or an annual average of $93,732,456.

This increase of $281,197,367 for the three years, and of $74,070,997 per year, was caused by Republican protection.

In 1889, taking the three years ending March 31 of that year, under a democratic administration, the total value of the foreign commerce of the United States, including exports and imports, amounted in value to $4,289,702,199.

In 1892, taking the three years ending March 31 of that year, under a Republican administration, and a year and a half of that time under the present Republican tariff, our total foreign commerce amounted in value to $5,161,305,023.

This increase of $871,602,824 was caused by Republican protection.

EDITOR'S TABLE

EVERY one knows how difficult it is to write a really effective short story.

In fact, next to the task of producing a successful child's book, the art of the "short story" writer is considered the most difficult of literary labors.

Such being the case, the publication in a year of four such marked volumes of short stories as compose the "Tales From Town Topics" series, is really a remarkable feat

And good as were the earlier books, the June volume will be found in no whit inferior. TOWN TOPICS, 21 West Twenty-Third street, New York.

THERE is a mistaken impression abroad that "Tales From Town Topics," although clever bright, witty and not unfrequently wise, are a little too much akin to modern French literature for the proper reading for a series people. This is a mistake, as anyone will discover who reads the story in question. It is true that they avoid the absolute drab-colored prudery of the modern English short stop, but in evading this shoal they do not run on the equally offensive one of modern French license. The fourth volume of this series is just published, and its contents show that the art and talent of the writer who produced the first volumes are by no means abated. TOWN TOPICS, 21 West Twenty-third street, New York.

"Tales From Town Topics, No.4" is out, and is full of good things appropriate to the summer season. TOWN TOPICS. 21 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

THE JUNE COSMOPOLITAN

In variety of subjects and popular treatment the contents of the June Cosmopolitan furnish an active standard. The Magazine is leading a movement for the solution of the problem of Aerial Navigation, and Abram S. Maxim, the great inventor and foremost authority on the subject, gives the result of some recent experiments under the title, "The Aeroplane."

Who better than that old war correspondent, Theo. R. Davis, could write on General Shernan's personality? His article, illustrated by himself, is in June Cosmopolitan,

The frontispiece of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for June is the most interesting picture of Mr. Blaine that has been published in a long while. It is from his very latest photograph, made by a distinguished German diplomatist at Washington, who happend to be an ardent amateur photographer. It represents Mr. Blaine sitting on his porch at Bar Harbor, and was secured last fall. In connection with a very remargable article entitled "A Glance at Mr Blaine's Commercial Policy," there is also a fine spirited drawing of Mr. Blaine by the artist Garibayedoff, besides excellent half toned portraits of Mr. John W. Foster and Mr. Gilliam E. Curtis, both of the Department of State, and both peculiarly identified with Mr. Blaine's South-American and reciprocity policies.

This article on Mr. Blaine's policy is attributed to "a supporter of the pan-American idea," and it would bear some of the marks of William E. Curtis' facile pen. It is well-informed, straight-forward statement, not entering into elaborate details.

COMMUNION WINE.

Physicians who have used Speer's Port Grape Wine, of New Jersey, and have applied to it the strictest test, pronounce it strictly pure and rich body and recommend it to the aged and infirm and for general use where wine is desirable, as the most reliable of wines to be had. Mr. Speer also preserves the Grape Juice fresh and sweet just as it runs from the press, not by the use of spirit, but by electricity extracting the fermenting principles from the ripe grapes when mashed; it is called Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice. For sale by druggists.

ARE YOU WEAK AND TIRED?

If you are sick and have not been helped, why do you not write a full description of your case to the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, known everywhere as the discoverer of Dr Green's Nervura, and who is without doubt the most successful physician in the cure of all longstanding complaints?

Consultation in all cases is entirely free, personally or by mail. Thousands consult him by letter, and he returns an answer to all perfectly explaining their diseases, giving advice, etc., without charge.

His success in curing diseases by his marvellous vegetable remedies is simply wonderful, and he has made a specialty of the cure of persons at a distance through letter correspondence and treatment. In this manner thousands of people have been and thousands more are being cured, and we should advise you, if you desire a sure cure from your disease, to immediately write him all about your case. It will cost you nothing to get his very valuable advice.

The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is not accidental but is the result of careful study and experiment by educated pharmatists.

Newsvender—I have't any change; you can pay me tomorrow.

Customer—But suppose I should be killed today?

Newsvender—Oh, it wouldn't be a very great loss!

An exchange says that a folded newspaper placed unber the coat in the small of the back, is an excellent substitute for an overcoat. Now is the time to subscribe.

CHAIRMAN M'KINLEY

Ohio's Governor Presides at the Republican Convention.

TALK OF DARK HORSES AGAIN.

Opponents of Blaine and Harrison Express Confidence That Neither Will Win, and Allison and Lincoln Are Most Prominently Mentioned. Secretary Blaine's Resignation.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 8.—Nearly every delegate was in his seat when, shortly after 11 o'clock this forenoon, Temporary Chairman Fassett called the national Republican convention to order. After the report of the committee on credentials and permanent organization had been disposed of Governor McKinley, of Ohio, was introduced as permanent chairman of the convention. He was received with salvos of applause as he came to the chair, and his speech of acceptance was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic cheers. The report of the committee on resolutions was then taken up.

WHERE THE CONVENTION MEETS.

The event of last night was the meeting of New York delegates at the rooms of Chauncey Depew. Twenty-nine were present, all of whom pledged themselves to vote for President Harrison's renomination against all candidates. Mr. Depew presided, and made a vigorous address in favor of Harrison, as also did Senator Hiscock and others. Besides those present at the meeting it was said that two more delegates would vote for the president and that eight would not vote for Blaine. These, the delegates present said, would ultimately join the Harrison column.

The uncertainty of the situation was the cause of the revival of the third candidate boom, not the Alger boom, but the dark horse boom. While there were various names mentioned in connection therewith, that most frequently heard was Senator Allison, of Iowa. It was advocated from the far east, where its interests seemed to be confided to the charge of United States Senator Higgins, of Delaware; from the west and northwest, where editor George Thomson, of the St. Paul Dispatch, one of the Minnesota delegates, was the chief fugleman.

Another editor, Frank Hatton, of the Washington Post, who was postmaster general in Arthur's cabinet, and who is equally well known for his opposition to President Harrison and Mr. Blaine, is the engineer of another dark horse movement. Mr. Hatton seems to be willing to take anybody which will tend to knock out both the principal candidates. He came here talking for Sherman, but is now quoted as having transferred his affection to Minister Lincoln, of Illinois. "Whatever Lincoln has attempted he has done well," he said. "It is no easy matter to carry the Lincoln name, but Bob Lincoln has done this, which is more than any of the other sons of heroes have done with the great war established reputations. I understand that there is quite a sentiment in his favor in Massachusetts, and he is to be counted among the possibilities. He is a clean man, an able man, and every Republican in the country would vote for him."

NEW YORK, June 8.—Ex-Secretary Blaine, accompanied by his wife and his son, James G. Blaine, Jr., and Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton), arrived in Jersey City at 9:10 o'clock last night from Washington. Mr. Blaine, when seen by a reporter, refused to be interviewed, The Blaine party did not leave the car, as they were bound for Boston. At 9.41 the car left the depot and was run on to the ferryboat Maryland, to be taken to Mott Haven, where it was attached to the train for Boston that arrived there at 6.50 this morning.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 7.—At 12 o'clock today Chairman Clarkson called the national Republican convention to order. Mr. Clarkson used for this purpose a remarkable gavel which had been made for the occasion. It is handsomely carved and mounted with silver. The handle is inscribed with date and data, while on the gavel are the words, "Protection, reciprocity and honest money." The gavel is made from the old flag staff erected fifty years go at Fort Snelling, and was the first flag staff erected in this region.

J. Sloat Fassett was introduced as temporary chairman, and made a ringing speech. He devoted considerable of his time to the injustice of Democratic denial of the freedom of suffrage in the south. These references finally resulted in the audience calling "Reed, Reed, Reed!" and calls for him to come forward. Reed finally rose and went to the platform and made a brief speech, after which the work of the organization was proceeded with.

WASHINGTON, June 6. — Without a word of explanation, so far as correspondence shows, Mr. Blaine on Saturday sent to the president his resignation of the office of secretary of state.

Here are the brief, freezingly polite notes that passed between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Harrison.

"To the President:

"I respectfully beg leave to submit my resignation of the office of secretary of state of the United States, to which I was appointed by you on the 5th of March, 1889. The condition of public business in the department of state justifies me in requesting that my resignation may be accepted immediately. I have the honor to be very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"JAMES G. BLAINE."

The following is the President's answer:

"To the Secretary of State:

"Your letter of this date tendering your resignation of the office of secretary of state of the United States has been received. The terms in which you state your desires are such as to leave me no choice but to accede to your wishes at once. Your resignation is therefore accepted. Very respectfully yours. BENJAMIN HARRISON."

CONSOLATION.

After the trial, confined in his small stone box in the county jail, in that wild mining town in Colorado, Bill Barton had plenty of time to think.

But, strive as best he might, his thoughts always went around in the same circle, beginning and ending with a single name.

That name—well never mind it now.

No home, no good influence, no words of cheer or consolation. Such had been the life led in the past by this man.

When he was not sitting in the Happy Days saloon he was over in Si Collier's gambling hell playing his money across the green.

How he came to drop his man he really never knew. The rude justice of the place and the twenty red-shirted men declared it murder and he laughed like a madman when they said that he would die on the ninth day by stretching hemp.

And as he sat in that damp narrow stone box night and day, day and night, with his doom coming nearer and nearer, gradually his spirit of bravado began to break. Somehow in the long watches of the night, back again came sweeping that name, for he was always thinking of it now and it was always there.

Then came the last night on earth.

It was a tranquil one for Bill Barton, the murderer of Sandy McBride. Strange to say, he managed to sleep some and then came a soothing fancy of another time and another place, far gone now, when life had meant much more to him than these later years had ever known. Into his dream that last night a sweet tranquility stole that did not seem to be of this world.

And that name—it was always there.

At daylight the sheriff touched his face and bade him rise and meet his death with his boots on, like a man. Bill Barton smiled. The boys gathered around the tree. The parson offered his words. It was very still, and Bill kissed the book, but said not a word. Then they asked him if he had anything to say before his soul was swung off in the dark.

In his face came a pathos such as lives only once in a life time, in his voice the resolution of one who calmly welcomes death.

He turned to the gang.

"Boys" he said "I thank God that an old gray-haired woman shall never know this day's events. I broke her heart long ago and she has passed on ahead. But it does me good now to think that I never yet queered my friends or shook my mother."

They say Bill Barton's death was like that of a child—so peaceful, so free from pain. In it the man who never queered his friends squared up his black years of wrongs.

With joy the little boy purchaseth a toy balloon and taketh it home. He tieth a long thread to it and watcheth it rise in the air and float with much buoyancy aloft, and his heart groweth merry. In the evening he goeth reluctantly to bed, leaving his balloon resting against the parlor ceiling. In the morning when he cometh down-stairs, he looketh at the ceiling, and behold his balloon is not there! He hunteth all through the room and at last he findeth it, peradventure, behind the piano, all shrunken and flabby, and he weepeth sore.

THE telephone between London and Paris received an impromptu test the other day. The Salvation Army band was marching in front of the London office playing the "Marseillaise." The windows were open. And it occured to an operator to ask the man at the Paris end of the line if he could here any thing. The answer in a moment was: "Yes, I can hear a band playing the 'Marsellaise.

"Experience may be a dear teacher," remarked a clergyman, as the contribution box was returned to him empty; "but the members of this particular flock who have experienced religion have accomplished it at a very trifling cost. The choir will sing the seventy-ninth hymn, omitting the first third and fourth verses, in order to save unnecessary wear on the organ."

THE microphone, used as a death test, prevented the premature burial of a woman in St. Petersburg who, when in a state of synope, was pronounced dead from paralysis of the heart. All other tests failing, the microphone, applied to the region of the heart, showed that it still beat, and the woman was resuscitated.

A lady stepped into our sanctum one day lately and said, sweetly: "Will you be kind enough to let me look at the Christian at Work?"

We blushed a little, but had the presence of mind to say: "Certainly madam; what can we do for you?"

Mr. Hayseed—What's this extra charge for?

Hotel Clerk—We charge extra for gas burning all night.

Mr. Hayseed—Why consarn y'r pictures you've got a sign there plain as kin be. "Don't blow out the gas."

Millionaire(to family lawyer)—Well, there; I've made all the bequest I care to, and five thousand dollars remain.

Family Lawyer—It will probably take all of that to prove that you were of sound mind when you gave away the rest.

OPINION is valuable or invaluable only as its trend keeps pace with the progrer's of the age.

FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND

Goes the story of the excellence of Hood's Sarsaparilla and what it had accomplished and this is the strongest advertising which is done on behalf of this medicine. We endeavor to tell honestly what Hood's Sarsaparilla is and what it will do, but what it has done is far more important and far more potent. Its unequalled record of cures is sure to convince those who have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla that it is excellent medicine.

Mrs. Amanda Paisley

For many years an esteemed communicant of Trinity Episcopal church, Newburgh, N. Y., always says **"Thank You"** to Hood's Sarsaparilla. She suffered for years from **Eczema** and **Scrofula** sores on her face, head and ears, making her deaf nearly a year, and affecting her sight. To the surprise of her friends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has effected a cure and she can now hear and see as well as ever. For full particulars of her case send to C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in condition, proportion and appearance.

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED lands for Taxes for 1890 and 1891—Agreeable to the provisions of law relating to the sale of unseated tracts of land for the nonpayment of taxes. Notice is hereby given that there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, the following tracts of unseated lands in county of Centre, Pa., for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, the 13th day of June, 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m.

Acrs.	Per.	Warrantee Name	Taxes
BOGGS TOWNSHIP			
433	163	Godfrey Martha	$ 25 82
150		Lane Sarah	6 15
BURNSIDE TOWNSHIP			
415		Black James	12 46
433	163	Brady Robt	13 01
433	163	Brady Wm P	23 43
433	163	Brady John	13 01
415		Boyd John	12 46
433	163	Cook William	27 43
433	163	Cowden John	27 43
140	1:2	Cox Paul	24 00
433	163	Dewart John	12 81
433	163	Dewart William	12 81
433	163	Donnelly Henry	12 81
433	163	Fox Samuel M	12 81
433	163	Gray Robert	12 81
433	163	Gray William	12 81
433	163	Grant Thomas	23 43
433	163	Gobin Chas	12 81
360		Guerney Francis	5 04
433	163	Hall Charles	13 01
433	163	Housel John	23 43
433	163	Hamilton Thomas	6 07
433	163	Kidd John	13 01
433	163	Lyon John	23 43
70		Nickolson John	2 10
64		O'Brien Michael	5 74
216	163	Parker Jeremiah	14 05
433	153	Shaffer Henry	23 43
40		Stewart Walter	24 00
433	163	Scott Samuel	13 01
143		Stewart Ann	8 59
415		Tallman Sarah M	12 46
433	163	Towers James	26 09
415		Widener Jacob	5 82
415		Wallace Jos S	12 46
415		Weltzell John	22 41
204		Withington Martin	6 11
CURTIN TOWNSHIP			
50		Brooks Jesse	9 70
294		Bruce Charles	14 27
71	131	Curtin Roland	3 44
294	31	Godfrey Martha	14 27
403		Kelso Rebecca	38 25
100		Kelso Joseph	8 25
200		Meyer Philip	19 40
100		Meyer Simon	9 70
470	48	Myers Michael	40 41
420		Myer Valentine	40 41
115		Taylor Joseph	8 25
160		Willis Jonathan	13 20
FERGUSON TOWNSHIP			
100		Burchfield Wm	5 55
GREGG TOWNSHIP			
200		Bishop Cornelius	3 90
200		Carson John	3 90
140		Gray Robt	2 73
106	126	Hahn William	7 89
122	31	Hepburn Wm	1 15
144		Logan Wm	2 80
153		Markley Jacob	3 19
88		Painter John	1 14
123		Richardson Isaac	2 44
148		Reed Daniel	2 87
118		Taggart Wm	2 29
136		Taggart David	2 66
51		Unknown	1 99
116		Zeigler Michael	7 89
HAINES TOWNSHIP			
405		Gratz Simon	6 49
435		Hall Chas	15 21
80		Motz John	64
HALFMOON TOWNSHIP			
216		Lamborn Josiah	10 22
44		Unknown	1 55
HARRIS TOWNSHIP			
94		Conley Adam	4 79
240		Duff Andrew	2 80
260		Gregg Thomas	4 18
93		Henry Stophel	4 65
140		Henry Stephel	1 12
75		Irwin John	1 29
158		" "	3 61
10		Irwin Wm	52
169		Mitchell John	8 70
231		" "	10 75
402	80	McCormick Eleanor	5 87
260		McClellan George	3 65
412	124	Parker Thomas	21 07
400		Reed James	9 60
88		Reynolds John	4 59
212		" "	10 81
170		" "	5 09
100		Sankey Thomas	1 75
165		Simpson Nathan	7 53
235		" "	11 99
159		Wilson Samuel	8 09
241		" "	12 31
125		Wilson David	6 39
75		Wilson William	1 29
30		Wilson Peter	86
152		Work David	7 65
138		Work Joseph	7 05
HOWARD TOWNSHIP			
107	104	Brown Samuel	8 03
415		Godfrey Martha	14 20
136	92	Harris Jas D	5 38
LIBERTY TOWNSHIP			
80		Gorrell Wm	6 50
196		Hayes Robt and Jas	19 92
175		Hayes Wm ½ of	3 57
309		Irwin Robt	18 57
125		" "	5 02
200		Krouse Daniel	8 60
150		Lytle Peter	6 71
MARION TOWNSHIP			
197		Harris A D	1 80
37	100	McKinney David	6 93
80		Young Robt	1 24
MILES TOWNSHIP			
440		Brady Wm P	4 27
273		Barton Wm	6 05
403		Carothers Jas	3 40
200		Carothers Thos	3 70
250		Cooper W	18 80
434		Calhoun Geo	31 28
100		Hepburn Jas	2 96
100		Kreamer Peter	3 70
402	134	Miles Wm 9-16 of	16 72
402	134	" " "	13 12
58		Parker Wm	4 30
200		Princeton Jacob	14 80
277		Swineford Peter	1 43
415		Sidell Stophel	30 71
150		Wolf Jonathan	2 78
158		Young Benjamin	2 91
PENN TOWNSHIP			
200		McCauley Wm	7 00
300		Montgomery Wm	10 80
276		Montgomery Daniel	11 27
170		Swineford Peter ½ of	2 93
POTTER TOWNSHIP			
265		Blair Joseph	14 02
288		Bond Mary	5 76
400		Brady Wm P	12 00
81	111	Cameron Alex	1 96
153		Deninger Christ	7 80
250		Fails Thomas	4 27
208		" "	7 86
84		Frick John Jr	4 92
198		Fulmer H B	2 51
200		Garrigas Edward	3 90
125		Hubler Bernard	6 32
100		Hunter Alexander	5 76
286		Jacobs G	6 34
200		Garrigus Wm	3 90
300		Gregg Thomas	5 70
275		Gordon Thomas	8 78
390		McClellan George	4 27
314		McKim Robert	19 22
86		" "	1 71
138		" David	2 70
262		" "	15 34
105		McClellan Geo	2 11
278		Norris John	7 80
98		Patterson Benjamin	5 62
447		Parker	13 40
300		Reed John C	3 00
POTTER TOWNSHIP			
100		Scott Samuel	5 86
100		Scott Abraham	5 86
108	61	Telly, Ferrell	3 90
88		Vanderslice Henry	5 86
RUSH TOWNSHIP			
433	153	Allison John	294 78
328		Allison Jas	157 44
280		Allison Andrew	108 00
300		Allison A and Jno Lilly	19 20
40	10	Atherton Richard	5 68
381	153	Allison Andrew	18 24
52		Bauman Joseph	4 99
433	153	Brickley Daniel	18 18
776		Copenhaver & Whitcomb	30 15
253		Dentler William	24 29
433	163	Ehler Daniel	27 28
433	153	Eberman Philip	20 83
433	153	Fitzgerald Daniel	27 28
433	153	Grant Thomas	103 93
50		Groe Elizabeth	3 25
121	152	Groe & McKeon	12 71
216	156	Grant Thomas	41 47
433	153	Greaves Thomas	9 11
433	153	Gray Wm	19 96
433	163	Hopkins John	26 59
433	153	Haines Reuben Jr	62 40
216	156	Hamilton Thomas	41 47
433	153	" " ¼ of	11 39
100		King Robert	48 00
434		Lucas Chas	9 11
433	153	Lewis David	9 11
433	153	Lowden Richard	27 39
433	153	Lowden John	45 47
433	153	Malone Richard	2 11
433	153	" "	20 83
433	153	Myers Jacob	57 98
433	153	McClellan John	54 60
100		McCord J R & A Campbell	6 25
433	153	Musser John ¾ of	11 39
433	154	Morgan B R ¼ of	11 39
433	153	Malone Richard	9 09
433	153	" "	9 09
322	153	Old Davis	57 98
433	153	Peters Richard ¾ of	13 65
433	153	Pinkerton Henry	24 28
30		Philips Hardman	3 78
14	84	Potter W	1 89
177	84	Philips Hardman	33 98
40		Reed John	5 04
333	153	Rudisill Jacob	29 97
433	153	Rush Benjamin	103 93
38		Robinson Wm H	3 99
36		" "	3 78
216		Ranny Robt	10 37
433	153	Slough George	41 57
433		Stoner John	14 94
433	153	Siddens Eleanor	45 47
193		Witmer Henry	18 53
326¾		Wilson John	13 70
75		Wilson Wm	15 75
433	153	Wallace Jas J	41 57
108		Wilson John	4 54
433	153	Zantzinger Paul	54 60
SPRING TOWNSHIP			
186	115	Purdue John E	9 81
300		Robinson Catherine	14 20
300		Rouinson Rebecca	8 40
150		Robinson Richard	5 33
100		Unknown	4 21
SNOW SHOE TOWNSHIP			
433	153	Fisher Samuel W	62 35
433	153	Fisher James C	62 35
433	153	Norris J P ¼ of	9 31
433	154	" " "	9 31
216		Parker Jeremiah ⅛ of	2 97
216		" " "	2 97
162		Tompkins Jos	26 73
433	163	Waln Phoebe	31 82
39	29	Wharton Mary M	2 20
39	29	" "	2 20
TAYLOR TOWNSHIP			
76		Anshultz Geo	3 65
50		Clark Joseph	4 80
163		Hootman Elizabeth	12 62
434		Montgomery W W	9 98
216	156	McEwen Polly	20 83
434		Montgomery John	9 98
100		Master Thomas	9 60
200		Whitehead Richard	19 20
UNION TOWNSHIP			
150		Brown William	6 30
117		Davis Boyce	5 25
159	140	Marm Harvey	6 68
433	163	Wister Wm	17 50
WALKER TOWNSHIP			
92	94	Askers Robert	2 01
212	10	Baker John	7 48
162		Brooks Ruth	2 89
247	65	Baker Robert	5 43
280	129	Currier Mary	6 16
60		" "	1 32
115	113	Daugherty Mary	2 54
179	110	Daugherty Elizabeth	3 96
69	39	Evans Jesse	1 51
100	39	" "	2 20
91	26	Eckert Wm	2 02
80		Fry George	3 52
243	55	Gilbert Wm	5 36
211	72	Hahn Peter	4 65
22	47	Hahn Ebenezer	51
65	40	Hahn Williiam	1 43
219	39	James Margaret	4 84
215	155	James Edward	4 75
59	40	Johnson David	1 32
161		Knox John	6 60
327	160	Mansell Wm	7 22
90	94	Mercer John	8 47
100	100	Mercer David	7 22
384	36	Miller Wm	8 47
443	59	Osman Captain	4 64
86	40	Packer Job	1 91
89	40	Packer James Jr	2 00
182		Purden Richard	6 60
100		Purden Jno	2 20
175		Robinson Richard	6 60
88	54	" "	1 93
382	138	Sutler Daniel	8 44
12		Wilson Robt	27
WORTH TOWNSHIP			
33		Clymer Henry	1 84
74		Campbell Robert	18
380		Howthorn Thomas	3 46
345		Kuhnes John	23 00
260		Layman George	4 00
350		Mayland Jasper	4 60
264		Miles Samuel	18 40
86		Ross John	5 92
79		Swanwick John	4 83
6		Singer John	69
88		Shippen Wm Jr	3 45
237		Wister Wm	15 41
30		Wister Daniel	2 40

NOTE.

In accordance with the act of June 6th, 1887 interest will be added to the amount of all taxes assessed against unseated lands above advertised. JAMES J. GRAMLEY,
County Treasurer.

ALSO,

All of the following lots or tracts of land returned by the tax collectors of the following districts, respectively, for the years of 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889, to the Commissioners of Centre county, for non payment of taxes, according to the provisions of the several Acts of Assembly relative to the sale of seated lands for taxes:

Acr's	Lot	Name Ass'd in	Y'rs	Taxes:
PHILIPSBURG BORO.				
	Park	Ph'rg Park Assn	'87-88	$59 50
	Lot	Frank Nelson	"	15 66
	Found'y	Jones & Landon	'88	78 90
	Lot	Wesley Johnston	"	23 64
	Lot	Albert Owens	"	9 15
MILESBURG BORO				
	Lot	E A Green	'87-89	6 32
	Lot	Mrs Eliza McGhee	"	8 40
HUSTON TWP				
433		Austin Swisher	1887	27 32
330		Bush & Tome	"	44 93
	Lot	Lizzie Light	"	18
100		E J Henderson est.	"	8 25
LIBERTY TWP				
270		Christian Holter	1888	53 56
Mill & Farm		Jno Nestlerede	1889	83 38
WORTH TWP				
	Lot	C L

BY FLOOD AND FIRE.

Death and Desolation in Titusville and Oil City.

OVER THREE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

While the Inhabitants Sleep the Rushing Waters Sweep Down Upon Them, Bringing Destruction in Its Path, Engulfing Homes and Families, Causing Fatal Fires and Wiping Out Millions of Dollars Worth of Property.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., June 6.—Titusville was yesterday visited by one of the most appalling fires and overwhelming floods in the history of this country. A conservative estimate places the number of lives lost at fully a hundred from fire and drowning. As near as can be gathered from reports as they come in the loss by destruction of property will aggregate fully $1,300,000. All this loss is in this city, with the surrounding country yet to be heard from. A large number of the most extensive and prosperous manufacturing establishments now lay in ashes, and hundreds of homes and business places are utterly wiped out, while the streets are filled with a crowd of hungry, homeless, weeping and distracted people, mourning the loss of loved ones who have perished in the rush of waters or the fiery billows of flames, which engulfed them almost in the twinkling of an eye as they were struggling in the vain endeavor to save their homes.

About midnight Saturday historical Oil creek began suddenly to rise. Heavy and almost incessant rains have been prevalent throughout this entire section for the past six weeks. This, however, was not the cause of the sudden rise, although at first it was thought to be the case. The huge mill dam owned by Thomson & Eldred, and located at the little town of Spartansburg, seven miles above this city, suddenly burst. This body of artificial water was one and a half miles in length and a fourth of a mile wide, and quite deep. The great body of water thus suddenly let loose made of this devoted valley, in the course of a few brief moments, a regular inland sea.

This sudden avalanche of water, descending when most of the inhabitants were sleeping, completely and at once shut them off from the higher portions of the city. Notwithstanding this state of affairs, the danger to the city was underrated, no one having the slightest idea that the flood, dangerous as it was, was to be soon augmented by fire. This however was true. For at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, immediately following three terrific explosions, which shook the city to its centre, a great light went up from the direction of the Crescent refinery, located at the north side of the creek, in the East End, and owned by John Schwartz & Co. A second look showed the entire plant to be one vast sheet of solid flame, the light from which illuminated a full half mile of surrounding blackness, and showed to the assembled and horrified spectators the full extent of the great calamity that had befallen the city.

Thence the fire was carried by the rushing waters to the International oil works of J. P. Thomas & Co., and from there to the refining plant of Rice & Robinson, the large furniture factory of Casperson & Rowe, the Cullen hotel, the Western New York and Pennsylvania passenger depot, thence to the freight depot, and finally to fully seventy-five dwellings. All of the above were destroyed.

Tongues of flame shooting 200 feet and more straight into the heavens, the shrieks and agonizing cries of the helpless human beings caged in their dwellings like rats in a trap in the middle of that rushing and mighty water, and within the very shadow of death from burning oil, benzine and naptha that threatened at any time to engulf them.

But what struck terror to the hearts of onlookers was the rapid whirl of objects animate and inanimate that were carried by on the flood.

Clinging to various objects, such as driftwood, pieces of boards, timbers and any other object they could lay hands on, were scores of human beings, their white and terror stricken countenances, desperate struggles and soul piercing cries for aid all combining to create impressions in the mind of the beholder never to be effaced or forgotten.

Parents and children stood by without the power to aid one another's struggles against the clutches of the flood until eventually they went down to rise no more. Scenes as sad and sickening as ever transpired in the valley of the Conemaugh three years ago were repeated here, while thousands looked on unable to avert them.

One father is a maniac over the loss of his whole family of wife and seven children, one a babe three days old. A brother was rescued from a burning building, where he was forced to leave a sister her husband and two children to perish. Many such cases, sad in the extreme, are heard. Many are the fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers wandering aimlessly in search of missing ones who in all probability will never again be heard of.

Fully one-third of the business and residence portion of Titusville is in ruins. The terrible flood, with mighty roar, rushed through the streets never before touched by floods, with almost as great fury as when the first tidal wave broke over the confines of the usually small stream. Brave men with ropes tied about their waists breasted the terrible current, rescuing the unfortunates. A little 4-year-old boy brought to the shore from the wreck of a handsome residence was placed in the hands of friends. When asked where his parents were he replied with a sob, "Papa and mamma both drowned."

Thirty-seven bodies have already been recovered in this city, and reports from further down Oil creek are that seventeen more bodies have been picked up.

Fully 2,000 people witnessed five strong men perish together. Holding to a piece of timber they were struggling to make the shore, and just as they reached out for a grasp at the bank, a neighboring oil tank exploded, the river of burning oil enveloping the men. Death came almost instantly.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., June 8.—It is now estimated by the conservative people that no less than 100 lives have been sacrificed in this city. Reports have reached here that a number of bodies have been taken out of the water between here and Oil City, but as yet these reports have not been verified. It is the general opinion, however, that at least thirty or forty bodies have been sent down the stream and are liable to float some distance towards Pittsburg before they are recovered. Thirty bodies were buried yesterday.

OIL CITY'S VISITATION.

Over Two Hundred Dead and Many Frightfully Burned.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 6.—Flood and fire Saturday night and yesterday laid waste large sections of this city and Titusville and a fearful loss of life has resulted. The wildest stories of its magnitude are afloat, one report being that 190 bodies have been recovered. In this city alone half a hundred dead bodies have been identified, and it is believed our death list may exceed a hundred.

A territory of at least forty acres, being a narrow strip along Oil creek, is burned or flooded, or both. In addition to those dead a large number are injured, and probably a thousand people are homeless. The fire started in this city at 11.40 o'clock yesterday forenoon with an explosion of naptha and oil on the surface of Oil creek. The creek was at a fearful height. The people of the city were apprised of the Titusville calamity early in the morning, and the whole town was out watching the rising of the waters.

The entire upper end of Oil City on both sides of the creek was under water at the time of the explosion which caused the awful conflagration. The town consists of four principal parts. The south side is on the opposite side of the Allegheny river, and was at no time in danger. In the acute angle formed by the confluence of Oil creek and the Alleghany river lies the business section of the city, and across Oil creek and down the west bank of the Alleghany is the Third ward, which is the district entirely destroyed.

Many houses on both sides a short distance above the business portion of the town were partially submerged. A thick coating of oil, presumably from bursted tanks in the region of Titusville, covered the surface of the creek. Floating along were three tanks of naphtha. The sun was shining hot and caused a vapor of oil fumes to rise from the wide surface of the creek. Several thousand people seemed to simultaneously recognize their peril. It is believed that a spark from an engine on the Western New York and Pennsylvania railroad ignited the fumes, which could be plainly seen dazzling in the air about twenty feet above the surface of the surging water. Eye witnesses say sheets of flame and volumes of smoke shot upward to a height of 100 feet in the vicinity of a bridge crossing Oil creek, 500 yards above the junction with the river. In two minntes the fire had spread up and down the river for over two miles. In less than ten minutes between two and three hundred buildings were in flames.

The thousands of witnesses were thrown into a state of the wildest panic. Men, women and children ran through the streets screaming and beseeching each other to be conducted to a place of safety. Clouds of smoke obscured everything. When the darkness was most dense three frightful explosions in succession shook the very earth. These were the floating naphtha tanks in the creek. The cause was not then known and a feeling that some horribly uncertain fate was impending added to the other terrors. A strong wind came up, partially removing the veil of darkness, blowing directly towards that part situated on the south bank of the creek, and this is all that saved the entire city from destruction. The terrorized masses by this time partially regained self possession. It was then evident that the whole of the Third ward and a large number of buildings on both sides of the creek farther up were doomed. Lower down, where the buildings were above the water surface, the fire was swept directly in among them.

Many of the persons who lost their lives were overtaken in the streets as they fled for safety. An almost perpendicular wall of stone hemmed the victims in on one side, the river on the other, and the devouring flames at their rear. Others were burned in their houses and many were drowned. One rescuing party with a large skiff load of persons, taken from flooded houses, was overtaken by the blazing oil and all perished. Four of a party who stood on the Western New York and Pennsylvania bridge are known to be dead.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 8.—The entire Oil creek valley has been converted into a valley of death. More than 200 dead and more than $3,000,000 worth of property destroyed is the awful result of the fire crowned flood. Every public building in this city and Titusville has been turned into a morgue and every private residence is a hospital.

The funerals of twenty-two of the identified dead took place yesterday, among them that of the Mills family—father, mother and four children. The interment was conducted by the Odd Fellows. Not a relative was present, but many a stout heart was stung with the bitterness of death as the last little casket was consigned to the earth. The Mills family came from Ireland five months ago.

A pitiful sight to see was saved parties of families searching in the water and smoking ruins for lost members. Groups of weeping men, women and children dig and hunt for lost ones, and when found their grief is indescribable. There were never sadder scenes, not even at Johnstown. Here hundreds are maimed and burned to death, while at Johnstown the number of injured was comparatively small, and the scenes in the hospital are beyond description. Many of the injured have lost a leg or an arm through the fire, ears and noses have been burned off, bodies burned and blistered, and still the victims live and suffer.

Tramp—Madam, I have faith to believe that you will take pity on me and give me a nice, warm breakfast.

Madam—Yes; but you must remember that faith without works is dead. There's the wood pile at your service.

THE Ram's Horn gives some new and pithy definitions. Here are two samples: "An optimist is a man that believes that all eggs will hatch. A pessimist is a man who believes that all chestnuts have worms in them.

Tom—Dinah is a very sharp girl,

Johnnie—Yes, by Jove; the last time I met her she cut me.

DEATH OF H. P. CADWALLADER.

From Monday's Tyrone *Herald*,

Horatio P. Cadwallader died at ten minutes before ten o'clock on Saturday night at the home of his son-in-law, John K. Ray, on Washington avenue. He had been in feeble health for about two years since having been weakened by an attack of la grippe, and during that time he had suffered several severe sieges of sickness. His last illness, pronounced paralysis of the bowels, dated eleven days back. He was conscious until the end and passed peacefully away.

Horatio Potter Cadwallader, who was the second child and only son of David and Jane Cadwallader, was born near Spring Mills, Centre county, July 26, 1816, his age being therefore seventy five years, ten months and nine days at the time of death. His father was a farmer and cooper and with him the young man spent his boyhood and youth. After the death of his parents Mr. Cadwallader remained at the old homestead until 1869, most of the time being engaged in the manufacture of woolens with establishments at Potter's Mills and Mill Hall. In the latter year he went west spending only a few months in Omaha and removing from there for a brief residence in Illinois. He was then engaged in the business of travelling salesman. With his family he removed to Lewistown in 1870 and continued there until February, 1876, when they removed to Tyrone. Here he resided for two years, when he discontinued housekeeping and thereafter spent his time with his children, not having engaged in active business for the past four years.

At Bellefonte on March 21. 1843, the subject of this sketch was united in marriage to Miss Mary McCloskey, by Rev. John Tonner, then pastor of the Methodist church at that place. Mrs. Cadwallader preceded her husband to the tomb in 1875. Their family consisted of eight children, three of whom George Cookman Cadwallader, Mrs. Elizabeth J. Shires and Mrs. Ray have passed away. Those surviving are four daughters and one son: Mrs. Henrietta, wife of Dr. William W. Woods, of Chicago; Mrs. L. E., wife of John Funk, of Red Lands, California; Mrs. Maria M., wife of John K. Ray, of Tyrone; David R. Cadwallader, of Harrisburg; and Mrs. Mary R., wife of J. H. Thompson, of Tyrone. One sister, Mrs. E. J. McClaskey, of Plainfield, Illinois, also survives. To these bereft of one whose life has been marked with good deeds, who was ever tender in the home and honorable in his every calling, who was loved and beloved, the sympathy of a community which knew and appreciated his worth, is extended.

Funeral services will be held at the home of John K. Ray, on Washington avenue at eight o'clock this evening, and will be conducted by Rev. B. B. Hamlin, D. D. and R. H. Wharton, of the Methodist Episcopal church, of which the deceased was throughout his life a consistent member. The remains will be conveyed on the morning train to-morrow (Tuesday) to Potter's Mills, Centre county, and the interment will be made at that place.

AN OVATION TO PENNSYLVANIAS FAVORITE SON.

A flattering compliment was given to Senator Quay at the convention at Minneapolis last Tuesday when he entered the convention hall shortly after noon.

It was during the call of the roll of States, when the chairmen of the different delegations arose in turn and announced the names of the representatives on the special committees, that Senator Quay received a very handsome compliment from the convention. Reed, McKinley, Miller and some of the others had just been warmly greeted. When Senator Quay stood up to respond for Pennsylvania he got a very flattering ovation. There was a general hand-clapping as soon as he rose from his seat. This was continued with cries of "Quay," "Quay," "Quay," from every part of the hall and a waving of flags and a flutter of handkerchiefs while he read off the list of committeemen. More than half of the people in the convention hall rose to their feet to get a glimpse at the man who successfully run the last national campaign. The Senator was congratulated by his friends sitting near him upon the demonstration in his honor.

This is a pleasing incident to the many friends of the Senator. He has worked hard to secure the nomination of the peoples candidate; of the man who will make doubtful states certain for our party next fall; of the man who can surely carry New York against any candidate the democrats can put up.

—We received a call last Wednesday from William Sanderson, of Julian, we found him to be a pleasant gentleman and not only a good republican but also a good Blaine man. It seems to us that no good republican can help but honor and love Blaine. To our mind he is the embodiment of the principles of the party and one of the grandest statesmen this country ever produced. His election to the office of chief magistrate would be an honor to the country more than it would be an honor to him: He is so great that he can well look with perfect indifference upon the great struggle now going on at Minneapolis and whether he is called by his party or not, to be its standard bearer in the coming conflict will not add to, or detract from the brilliancy of a single jewel in his crown of glory. We love and respect this greatest of statesmen; we honor the men who appreciate him.

OLIVE.

[Continued from page 2.]

She did not forget Lucy Cromer, that dear friend who had once sat in this very place, busy with the same dainty work that she was doing now. Little as Olive knew of Lucy's story, she had guessed at some of its details, and felt that a weary, passionate heart had throbbed over the flowers in those days. Why had life been made so bitter to Lucy, and so sweet to Olive herself? Why had the one been taken and the other left? This bright girl, young and undismayed, thought pityingly of her who had leant upon a broken reed, and rejoiced proudly in the trusty staff that supported her own footsteps. The time of loneliness and desertion was nigh at hand; but she was happy and confident still.

Nothing of importance happened in these days of early summer, while Olive sat wreathing flowers in the Regent street shop. The routine of her business life was seldom broken. One customer, who had ordered the spray of yellow roses, came in and wanted more. He seem to require a great many bouquets and sprays, and sometimes the young lady in brown tweed came with him, but more often he was alone. The flowers were packed in tin boxes and sent to Seaward Aylstone, Esq., Cecil street, Strand.

If Olive had forgotten the existence of Aaron Fenlake, Jane Challock's letters must have recalled him to her mind. But she had not forgotten him, and had asked many questions of Michael about their old friend. She had soon discovered, however, that Michael hated to recall early associations, and his answers were so curt and unsatisfactory that at last she dropped Aaron's name altogether. Still, it vexed her sorely that she had no news to send to Jane, for although there had been no openly avowed engagement, everyone in Eastmeon had known that Jane Challock and Aaron Fenlake were lovers true. In a village it is not easy to do one's courting unobserved. The birds of the air tell the secret; the trees whisper it; the stream babbles of it night and day. Aaron's unspoken love was freely discussed by all his old neighbors; and poor Jane's unuttered hopes were the property of all her girl friends.

Aaron Fenlake had always been a shy, slow fellow, one of those unlucky men who fail to express their feelings by look or voice. He had often scowled at Jane when he had meant to smile sweetly, but Jane preferred his frowns to the smiles of other men, and in her heart she did not envy Olive for having won the magnificent Michael, so dear was poor gloomy Aaron to her. Olive herself respected Aaron and liked him, not only for his devotion to Michael but for the steadfast honesty that she had always found in him. No, she did not believe that he had changed to Jane. Men of his stamp do not change, but they sometimes despair. Aaron might lose his hope but he would never forget his love.

One day when June was drawing to a close she wrote a little note to Aaron Fenlake and sent it to Battersby's works. She asked why he had not been to see her and told him that he would find her at home any evening in the week, Sundays excepted. On Sunday she belonged exclusively to Michael, and some instinct warned her that he did not want to be intimate with Aaron. Yet, submissive as she was in most things, Olive felt that a tried friendship had its claims and that something was due to Aaron Fenlake. It pained her to think that Michael did not acknowledge that claim, and then she soothed herself by fancying that he had shown his gratitude and good feeling to Aaron in ways unknown to her. But that was not enough; she would be kind also, and she must see Aaron for Jane's sake.

She had posted her note on Monday, and on Tuesday evening when she was sitting alone in the room upstairs, Aaron came in. He paused awkwardly on the threshold, and Olive rose and went to him with an outstretched hand and a bright face.

"Oh, I am glad to see you at last!" she cried in her sweet voice. "Why have you been so long in coming?"

He looked at her in an odd, constrained way. "I didn't know where you were living," he said, bringing out his words with a visit[illegible]

[To be continued.]

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED with LOCAL APPLICATION, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine, It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and it is a regular prescription It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props, Toledo, O.
Sold by druggist, price 75c.

—Under the careful management of E. C. Tuten and George Marshal the Eureka Grocery store is one of the neatest and best looking stores in the town. Everything is in order, fresh and clean. New goods arriving daily. We are glad to know that the trading public appreciate their effort and that their business is growing. Call and see them on High street, Bellefonte, next door to post office.

A lawyer generally feels himself competent to break any will except his wife's.

Women may not be deep thinkers, but they are generally clothes observers.

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE [illegible] MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA,

Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings,

PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY.

LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE IN THE COMPLETE THEORY OF

COAL AND METAL MINING,

INCLUDING ARITHMETIC, ALGEBRAIC SIGNS, MINE VENTILATION, MECHANICS, ETC.

PUPILS STUDY AT HOME.
LOSE NO TIME FROM WORK.
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TUITION CHARGES WITHIN THE MEANS OF ALL.

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ACROSS THE DEEP TO THE WEST.

On steamboats, cars and stage coaches, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is carried as the most important item in the materia medica of the traveling public. It deprives vitiated, brackish water of its hurtful properties and execrable flavor, counteracts the pernicious effects upon the stomach of bad or indigestible food, remedies cramps, heartburn and wind upon the stomach. It is a defense against malarial disorders, nullifies the effects of excessive heat, cold and damp, relieves sick-headaches, and is an incomparable cure for costiveness and billiousness. The fatigue of travel often tells most disastrously upon invalids and convalescents, occasionly to such an extent as to jeopardize life. Persons in feeble health, apprehensive of bad effects from travel, will, if provided with the Bitters, be far less likely to have their fears realized.

The report of the Senate Sub-Committee, appointed to investigate the effect of the Tariff on trade relations between the United States and Canada, says that "it is clear that the United States offers better markets and higher prices for everything that Canadian farmers have to sell than can be obtained in the Canadian Dominion." It also says that in every case where the McKinley duty was raised the price of the article declined correspondingly in the Canadian market. This report should made interesting reading for the calamityites.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed wheat per bushel	80
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	45
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	30
Barley	50
Clover seed, fair to good	7.80
do prime and extra prime	8 00
do choice	8.40
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	12.00
" choice " " "	15.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	40
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	8
New Raisins, per pound	16 — 20
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	12
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	12½
Potatoes, per bushel	30
New Potatoes, per bushel	4 00
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	12½—15
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried Apples, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per pound	35
Buffer Flour, per sack	1 25

APPEALS FOR 1892.—TRIENNIAL ASSESSMENT.—Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Centre county will meet the taxpayers at the following times and places, for the purpose of hearing and determining appeals for the Tri-ennial assessment of 1892. The time for hearing appeals will be between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m., except when otherwise noted:

Miles township, Wednesday, June 22, at the election house, Rebersburg.

Haines and Penn townships and Millheim borough, Thursday, June 23, at the election house, Millheim.

Gregg and Potter townships and Centre Hall borough, Friday, June 24, at the election house, Centre Hall.

Spring and Benner townships, Saturday, June 25, at the Commissioner's office, Bellefonte.

Harris and College townships, Monday, June 27, at the election house, Lemont

Ferguson township, Tuesday, June 28, at the election house, Pine Grove Mills.

Half Moon and Patton townships Wednesday, June 29, at the white school house in Half Moon township, near Capt. Jno. A. Hunter's.

Taylor and Worth townships, Thursday, June 30, at the election house, Port Matilda.

Huston and Union townships and Unionville borough, Friday, July 1, at the election house, Unionville.

Boggs township and Milesburg borough, Saturday, July 2, at the election house, Central City.

Walker and Marion townships, Tuesday, July 5, at the election house, Hublersburg.

Liberty, Curtin and Howard townships and Howard borough, Wednesday, July 6, at the election house, Howard borough.

Snow Shoe and Burnside townships, Thursday, July 7, at the election house in Snow Shoe.

Rush township and Philipsburg borough, Friday, July 8, at Public Hall, Philipsburg.

Bellefonte borough, Monday, July 11, at the Commissioner's office, Bellefonte.

NOTICE—Notice is hereby given to the assessors of the several districts, that they be present with the board of commissioners, on the day of said appeal, in their respective districts, as well as all persons who may feel aggrieved. Assessors will please bring all books and papers they have to the appeal.

GEO. L. GOODHART, }
T. F. ADAMS, } Comm'rs.
Attest: JAS. B. STROHM, }
ROBT. F. HUNTER, Clerk, }
Commissioner's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., }
22-3t May 28th, '92. }

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE,

EASTON, PA.

Seven courses in Arts, Philosophy and Science, Civil, Mining and Electrical Engineering, and Chemistry. Annual Commencement, June 29th. Fall term begins September 15th. For Catalogue, address

THE REGISTRAR, Easton, Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—In the Orphan's Court of Centre county. In the matter of the estate of Jacob Evert, deceased. The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by said Court to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the account in said estate and make distribution of the balance to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on Tuesday, June 16th, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m. Parties interested please attend. CLEMENT DALE, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphan's Court of Centre county, Pa., in the matter of the estate of Barnhart Viehdorfer, deceased, late of the township of Burnside. The undersigned, having been appointed an auditor by said Court, to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed, restate the account, report advancements, if any, and make distribution of the funds to and amongst those legally entitled to the same, gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment in the office of Orvis, Bower & Orvis, in Bellefonte, Pa., on Friday, the 1st day of July, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested are required to attend.
22-3t JOHN F. POTTER, Auditor.

CAUTION NOTICE—All persons are hereby notified by the undersigned not to receive or in any way meddle with the following property, to wit: 1 Cook stove, room stove, 4 beds and bedding, extension table, breakfast table, 70 yards of carpet, 2 clocks, 6 room chairs, 2 rocking chairs, sofa, sink, pigs, lot of dishes and kitchen utensils, as I purchased them at Constable's Sale and have loaned them to William H. Beck at my pleasure.
23 21 4t DANIEL P. SHOPE.

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OUR MOTTO:

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AUNT HULDAH'S PRESENT.

"Wait until you see my Christmas present," exclaimed pretty Cecil Ray to her two intimate girl friends, Maud Webster and Flora Vance. "I expected—well, I hardly know what, from father's aunt in New York. I know she will make me a valuable present, because she said when I came away that I might expect to hear from her at Christmas."

"Is she very rich?" asked Maud.

"Oh, yes, awfully so. Her husband left two or three hundred thousand dollars when he died, twenty years ago, and she has not spent half the income since."

"We will call tomorrow night, Cecil, and see how you have fared," said Flora.

"Do. The parcel will arrive tomorrow afternoon, and if I can control my curiosity I will not open it until you come," laughingly replied Cecil.

Cecil proved to be a true prophet, for on the next afternoon an immense packing box, addressed to Miss Cecil Ray, was deposited at her door, and she signed the express book with a hand shaking with excitement.

"What can it be?" cried her widowed mother. "I do hope it is something worth while, for it seemes as if we were badly enough in need of everything necessary or comfortable."

The cover was removed from the box, and Cecil waited impatiently for her friends to arrive. At last they came, and the small bundles, one after another, were taken from the box in which they had been carefully packed.

Most gingerly these were opened, and in speechless surprise Cecil laid the contents of each upon the table, until the box was emptied.

Then the five pairs of eyes became riveted upon the collection, amid a silence that was louder than trumpet tones.

"Here's sonfething you did not see," said Tom, in a sepulchral voice. He had to speak that way or explode in laughter, and he didn't want to hurt his sister's feelings. Poor Cecil! This was what the note he handed her said:

"My Dear Cecil—You remember I said once that you might look for a gift from me at Christmas. I hope you will be pleased with what I have sent you.

You know I have many other relatives who look for gifts from me, so yours cannot be so valuable as you deserve.

You remember saying to me once that you did not care for money, but would rather seek your own fortune than receive one from someone else.

Hoping you will enjoy these shells from foreign lands, all of which were brought me by my husband in his youth, as much as I have, I send them to you with this injunction: Never part with them, but let them descend to your children's children.

Give my love to your mother and brother and—seek and find your own fortune. Your loving aunt, Huldah Jane Jones.

"So much for your independence!" from Tom.

"What a conceited little fool I was! I hadn't tried earning my own living then, and did not know the felicity of rising at 5 and working all day from 7 to 6 for the magnificent sum of five dollars a week!" sighed the little seamstress. "What shall I do with them?"

On the dinner table were five dozen of these common, speckled brown and white and yellow and white shells everybody's grandmother used to have in the good old days when Salem and New Bedford were seaport towns in truth.

"Give them to some museum," suggested Flora.

"She can't give 'em away," said Tom.

"There's room in the attic," said Cecil, trying to smile through the tears of disappointment that filled her eyes.

"May I take them for a few days?" asked Tom, and he was at once appointed sole custodian of the useless things.

Next day a cool little note of thanks was sent Aunt Huldah, who smiled oddly when she read it.

One of an extremely eccentric family she distanced the rest in queer actions.

At the end of a week, when Cecil retired to her modest little chamber at night, she was surprised to see quite a pretty cabinet hanging on her wall, and containing the despised shells; the shelves were encircled by fretwork in an original design by Tom, composed of various sea plants and animals, in which appeared this legend:

"Pride goeth before a fall."

"That's why the gig-saw has been worked so late the last few nights, is it, Tom, you rogue?" said Cecil next morning, pinching his ear.

"Yes; I thought such gems of the ocean should have an appropriate setting."

So, in making a joke of their disappointment its bitterness passed away.

Early in March Huldah Jane Jones was gathered to her father and mothers. No will was found, and as no property beyond a few thousand at sundry savings banks was found, it was supposed she had given away the bulk of it during her lifetime, as she had often said was her intention.

The biting winds of her poverty were tempered to that shorn lamb, Cecil Ray, during the winter by the attentions of a young professor of natural history, who boarded in the house opposite.

What did she care if her gloves were old and thin when returning home from lectures or prayer-meetings, if her hands were closely prisoned in the ulster breast of Charles Raymond, while his tender words sent the blood coursing warmly through her veins?

Neither did she care any longer that their parlor was small and shabby; that their best lamp gave but a faint light and the only comfortable seat in the room was a large easy-chair drawn up to the little grate fire. Love and youth laugh at poverty, just as they always did and always will, thanks to God!

One evening in the latter part of December, despite Charlie's watchful care, Cecil slipped on the icy sidewalk and badly sprained her ankle.

She was carried to her room, which she did not leave for three weeks.

One evening, during the absence of Mrs Ray on some errand for Cecil's comfort, Charlie opened the subject of their early marriage.

"Why can't we be married quietly in January, and go away for a little trip? I can be away from the academy for a fortnight then as well as not."

Thus Charley pleaded, as he had done many times before, only to be put off again and again.

"It would be pleasant, Charlie dear, but impossible," said Cecil, in the caressing tone of one who finds it hard to deny the prayer of the loved one. "I may as well be frank now and tell you why, I cannot say yes. I am poor, too poor to afford the necessary outfit of even the humblest bride. Be married without it I cannot, and allow you to provide it I will not! Forgive me, Charlie, I am proud."

Fondly caressing the dear hand she extended, Prof. Raymond urged his suit no more but strove in every way to make the evening a pleasant one and to make Cecil forget the suffering his words had unintentionally occasioned.

Looking around the room, which he had seen but once before, he remarked on the beauty of the design on the cabinet containing the gift of Aunt Huldah, and so Cecil told him the whole story. Mechanically placing one at his ear, as the children do, he said: "I never saw a specimen of the luponia tigris in which the sea song was so nearly mute."

"Perhaps the original inhabitant has not moved out," laughingly replied Cecil. "You may perhaps find his mummified remains in there."

"I believe I have," he replied, closing one eye and squinting into the narrow opening with the other. "There's something here, anyhow. Please lend me one of those useful hairpins with which a woman can do so much, and I will see what I can do."

So saying he bent the hairpin she gave him into a long hook.

"I go a fishing," said Cecil, watching him in languid content from her easy couch.

"While I am poking about in the dark in here," said Charlie, readjusting his hook at a new angle, lie there and poke fun at me."

"There, old fellow," he cried, as the hairpin caught on something movable. "Come out here and show yourself!"

So saying, he picked out a dirty green-looking wad, which he proceeded to examine. Smoothing it out, he handed it to Cecil.

"Would you mind looking at what I have found?" he quietly asked.

One look told the story to Cecil, and with a bound from her sofa that nearly sprained her well ankle she waved the bill widely aloft as her mother entered the room.

"Mother! Mother! A five hundred dollar bill?"

Great excitement prevailed, which the reader can imagine. While mother and daughter were congratulating each other upon their good fortune and Cecil was thinking that now she could change her "no" to Charlie into "yes," he handed her an other bill, the result of patient prodding and poking, of the same denomination!

Then the professor said there was nothing like system in everything. A table was drawn up to Cecil's sofa and every blessed shell placed upon it, and each of the three armed with a hairpin or two patiently worked over those sixty shells until 2 o'clock a. m.

At 2 o'clock every shell had been emptied of its hoard, and the result was sixty thousand dollars in bills, ranging in value from fifty dollars to five hundred dollars each.

Poor eccentric old Aunt Huldah had gone to her grave misjudged. Her niece bitterly regretted that chilly little epistle which had been read with much amusement by the queer old lady.

Afterward it was discovered that she had given nearly all her money to various charitable works in her lifetime, and Cecil was the only relative who ever profited by her immense fortune.

"I wonder if she knows I have at last found my own fortune," musingly said Cecil the next day, when after some hours rest they were discussing her windfall.

"Let us hope she knows more than she ever did here," irreverently replied Charlie. "The old idiot! Nothing but luck pure and simple ever found that money for us."

After a pause: "No—perhaps not luck. If I hadn't had my ears trained to the closest observation of natural objects I should not have noticed that the wave sounds were much fainter than usual in that shell. So perhaps science was back of the 'luck.'"

"That was not the first time that wealth has deadened the voice of nature," said Cecil, seriously. "Let us take care that in our lives we listen to the promptings of loving hearts. In this pile of bills I see a wedding journey next month"—a rapturous squeeze from Charlie—"with all the belongings for a bride of modest tastes, a happy, quiet life for dear mother and lots of fun and good cheer for some of our less fortunate friends."

"Amen!" cried Charlie. "Peace to the memory of Aunt Huldah Jane Jones—crank though she was."

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1 27		Kerrmoor		2 33
1 18		New Millport		2 39
1 10		Olanta		2 47
1 00		Mitchells		2 56
12 20	P M	Clearfield	A M	3 30
12 00	9 15		7 00	
11 41	8 55	Woodland	7 19	3 50
11 34	8 48	Bigler	7 26	3 57
11 28	8 43	Wallaceton	7 42	4 03
10 35	L 7 50	Philipsburg	L 7 25	L 3 55
11 30	A 8 45		A 8 20	A 4 50
11 05	8 20	Munsons	7 55	4 25
10 42	7 55	Pegle	8 21	4 51
10 17	7 33	Gillintown	8 44	5 14
10 09	7 25	Snow Shoe	8 52	5 22
9 02	6 27	Beech Creek	9 40	6 27
8 47	6 13	Mill Hall	10 00	6 43
8 41	7 07	Lock Haven	10 08	6 52
8 32	b 57	Wayne	10 15	7 03
8 10	5 35	Jersey Shore	10 35	7 25
7 35	5 00	Williamsport	11 10	8 00
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
7 15	2 56	Williamsport	11 55	11 09
11 30	11 33	Philadelphia	4 05	6 50
	10 08	New York via Easton	5 50	
7 30	8 35	New York via Phila.	8 30	9 30
P M	A M		P M	A M

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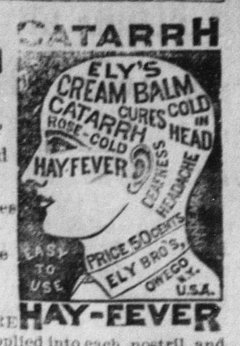

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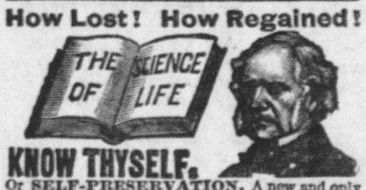

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WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP.

Specially Adapted for Use in Hard Water.

A LUCKY MISTAKE.

BY H. E. MARSH.

Within a month after Fort Sumter was fired on, two young men from Pennsylvania enlisted in the Union army. These young men were twins, Tom and I. We were very much alike in size, feature, voice and manner—everything, indeed, and the only person who could always tell which was Tom and which was I were the twins themselves. We did not join the same branch of the army. Tom enlisted in the cavalry while I joined the secret service.

After the investment of Vicksburg, and when the Union forces were each day digging nearer the city, I was sent to make an inspection of the Confederate fortifications.

I succeeded in passing the Confederate lines and entered Vicksburg, where, dressed in civilians clothes, I was reasonably free from suspicion. But it took me a full day before I secured the desired knowledge and started back toward the Union lines under cover of darkness.

I passed the guards safely, and was perhaps a third of the way to camp, when I heard a sharp "Halt! who goes there?" accompanied by the click of cocking weapons.

Escape was out of the question, and a moment later I was a prisoner.

"Which camp do you belong to?" queried the leader of the men who had captured me.

"Neither," I answered, "but I am staying at Vicksburg."

"How came you out so far from the lines to-night?"

"I was just wandering around and thought I would go until I reach the outer line of guards," I answered.

"This is very strange—if true," said my questioner, turning to his comrades; "but probably it is a lie." Then, to me, "We'll just take you into camp and sift that yarn of yours."

The yarn sifted so poorly that I was convicted as a spy and sentenced to death.

On the day after my conviction some young ladies of the city visited the prison where the Yankees were confined, some to see the strange animals of the north, as one young woman expressed it; others to leave flowers or fruit for the unhappy prisoners. The number of the latter class was small.

As a condemned spy I was an object of especial hatred or commiseration, according to the feeling of the fair visitors.

"Is he really a spy?" asked one young girl of gushing class and age.

"Yes," answered the guard, "he is a genuine spy."

"Oh, isn't it awful?" said the girl. "How can you tell? He doesn't look like a spy, and if you hadn't told me I should say he was real nice."

"You can't tell anything by looks," replied the guard. "Some of the brightest and handsomest men in the service are spies. This 'un looks well enough, but he is a sneaking spy, just the same."

"How strange! And what do these dreadful spies do? What did this one do?"

"He came to look over our fortifications so he could tell the Yanks where it would be easiest to break through them and capture the city."

"Oh, dear! you don't think the Yankees will capture Vicksburg, do you? If they should, they would kill us all, wouldn't they? Oh, how dreadfully awful it would be!"

"I don't think they will ever take the city; it is too well fortified and too strongly defended."

My attention was soon attracted to three young ladies who were distributing handsome little bouquets to some of the prisoners whom they appeared to know, and I was surprised to see the horrified stare which followed the younger girl's first glance at me. She looked a second time, searchingly, her face pale and startled, then turned away with her companions.

The next day she came back again bringing flowers, and I had a chance to watch her for some moments. She brought me a small bouquet, and when handing it to me accompanied it by a glance apparently full of meaning and yet utterly bewildering and untranslatable.

"Surely," I thought, "I have never seen her before. Not a look, or question, or movement is familiar. And yet she appears to recognize me." The more I thought on the subject the deeper and blinder was my mystification, the more surprising the action of my beautiful friend.

I watched my charming mystery-builder until she lift the prison, then turned to the bouquet she had given me. I gave it a close examination. Hidden among the leaves of one of the flowers was a very small note, the paper being almost as delicate as the tissues of the flower leaves. The note said:

DEAR TOM—I was so startled and horror-struck to see you yesterday that I almost betrayed the fact that I recognized you. Fortunately I did not, and now I will try and help you. Examine carefully everything I bring; it may have something useful. Agnes is already ill, and I have not dared to tell her. MABLE.

Evidently the young lady thought I was somebody else.

A guard came to my cell after she left and said:

"I saw you were one of the favored ones to-day."

"Yes," I replied. "Who is the lady?"

"Miss Murfee—Mable Murfee."

"Her home is in Wicksburg, I presume?"

"No, Judge Murfree, her father, lived outside, and his plantation was for several weeks in possession of the Yankees. Finally he came here to be in a safe place and brought his daughter along."

The next day Miss Murfree came again and when she reached my cell she handed me another bouquet.

I waited until I was free from observation, then examined my bouquet. In the hollow stalks of the flowers was a very small file, a slender but strong steel bar with sharp point, and a little patinum bottle of hydrofluoric acid. The flowers had been carefully sealed up at the bottom to prevent their contents from falling out. Besides the tools for escape was this note:

DEAR TOM—To-morrow I will try and find out the password from a young officer who visit us MABLE

I waited the result of her effort with painful interest, and when she came the following day and gave me the usual bouquet, I found the following note:

MY DEAR TOM—The password to-night is "Cartridge." If you get out, go to the corner this side of the flag-staff, which you can see from your window, and give a low whistle. A colored man will come from the basement of the tall building on the right and address you as "Massa Tom." Follow him and I think you will be safe. May God help you to escape! MABLE.

The night proved an auspicious one for my purpose. It was very dark and a heavy thunderstorm shook the old jail, so that no amount of filing or prying could be heard. With the acid and tools I made short work of the bars across my window, and of the irons which fettered my limbs.

I squeezed through the window and dropped to the ground.

I had not gone far when a guard called out sharply, "Halt! who goes there?"

"A friend," I answered.

"Give the countersign!"

"Cartridge."

"Pass on!"

On reaching the corner, I whistled softly, and in answer a negro came up and said interrogatively, "Massa Tom?"

"Yes," I replied.

He threw a long cloak over my shoulders, and started up the street at a sharp gait. I followed him perhaps half a mile, when he stopped before a plain brick house, unlocked the door and bade me enter. I had scarcely glanced around the dimly lighted hall before the mysterious, "Mabel" accompanied by a young lady taller and darker than herself, hurriedly entered from an adjoining room.

They had evidently been waiting for me.

I only heard my benefactress say, "Oh, Tom, thank Heaven!", before her companion, with a wholly glad and half hysterical cry, threw her arms about my neck and showered tears and kisses upon me in most embarrassing profusion.

I was utterly dumbfounded. Finally, collecting my thoughts, I turned from the excited and half-crying woman I held in my arms to the one I partially knew, and said:

"My dear Miss Murfree, you have saved my life, and I am bound, as an honorable man, to tell you that you have made a strange mistake in thinking you know me!"

"Mistake!", gasped the young lady who had so passionately caressed me. "Mistake! What do you mean? Are you not Tom Atherton?"

"Not quite," I answered; "but if you thought I was he, the mistake is not a bad one. I am his twin brother, Ned."

The surprise and confusion which had overwhelmed me were transferred to the young ladies, and for a moment we all simply stared at each other. Then Mabel laughed and said:

"And so you are that wonderful brother of whom Tom used to tell us."

"Yes fortunately," I answered.

"And you stood there and let me kiss you without saying a word," Agnes (I found out afterwards she was Agnes) said reproachfully.

"You didn't give me time to object, even if I had wished to," was my perfectly truthful reply.

"I don't know but that is so," she assented. "But, Mabel, what shall we do with him?"

"I am entirely in your hands, and will do whatever you wish," I said. "If my being here will endanger you in any way I will try to get through the lines to-night."

"You will be much safer here," Mable said. "We owe it to you to do whatever we can for you."

"Owe it to me!" I said, "for what?"

"For your brother's sake. He saved my sister's life and protected our property from destruction and us from insult. He is the best and truest man that ever lived, and we cannot do too much for his brother."

I was compelled to keep a dark retreat only a part of the time, and several hours each day were spent with Judge Murfree or his daughters.

Mable Murfree had saved my life, and the gratitude I felt was perhaps enhanced by the fact that she was a rarely beautiful woman.

After weary weeks of siege, the city was was captured, and the soldiers of Grant and Sherman entered it in triumph, and I was free.

When the time came for me to go, having said good-by to Judge Murfree I went to the parlor to see Mable and Agnes, feeling how hard, how very hard it was to say farewell; and when I saw Mable dressed in pure white, flowers in her beautiful hair, her cheeks flushed with excitement, and her deep blue eyes unwontedly bright, the duty was not made any easier.

"Agnes is writing a letter to Tom for you to deliver," she said, as I entered the room. "She will be down in a few moments."

"I am quite willing to wait," I replied; "and, indeed, I am sorry that I must go at all. I do dot expect to ever again find such friends as I have found here."

"You must thank your brother for them," Mable answered.

"Miss Murfree, Mable, you wish to rob your act of saving my life of any personal significance; you do not want me to be misled by the gift of my poor life to ask for that which can make it valuable. I refuse to be warned. I love you, Mable—love you madly, hopelessly—love you as I never thought to love any one; and while I dare not hope that you will return my love, I could not leave you without speaking. Forgive me if I have pained you; but it was impossible for me to go away without telling my love, and you will at least be fortunate in the fact that an opportunity will not soon occur for you to be troubled again by one whose love was stronger than his fear of offending.

Tears trickled through the long dark lashes, then, half-smiling through her tears, she lifted her brave, clear eyes to mine and said:

"And what if I insist on your remaining to repeat your offense?"

State of Ohio, City of Toledo } ss.
Lucas County, }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this fifth day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
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	Before.	After.	Loss.
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Bust	42 in.	39 in.	3 in.
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Hips	45 in.	40 in.	5 in.

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Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—And the preparations for Bellefonte's glorious fourth of July still move right along.

—The signs for a bountiful crop of the small fruits were never better than they are now.

—Little Clarence Osmer went over the breast of Reynold's dam one day recently but was not injured in the least.

—A big freight wreck on the Bald Eagle last Saturday night delayed Express east until seven o'clock Sunday morning.

—The game of ball between the Academy team and the State College Preps last Saturday was won by the latter on a score of 10 to 9.

—On Wednesday morning the first installment of voting booths and annexes were received by the county commissioners in this place.

—The postoffice at Cato has been reestablishdd and S. M. Buck appointed postmaster, with power to appoint his own clerk or assistant.

—And J. C. Meyer, who was making such a brilliant(?) run for the nomination for Assemblyman, has concluded it best for him to withdraw.

—While Bellefonte may seem dead to a great many, rest assured it is only sleeping and some of these days it will awaken entirely refreshed and rejuvinated—then look out.

—If the raindrops that fall from the skies are angle's tears over the wickedness of mankind what an awful lot of wrong doing there must have been during the last ten days?

—Next Monday will be the day on which the Treasurer of Centre county will offer for sale several hundred tracts of unseated lands. If you have any desire to purchase yourself rich, do so at that time.

—P. B. Crider & Son on Saturday sent their check for $20 to the Logan Steam Fire Engine company in acknowledgement for the very efficient service rendered in saving their property on the night of the burning of the mill

—On Tuesday, may 31, Mr. Bertram Galbraith, Centre county's venerable court crier, celebrated the 82nd anniversary of his birth, and he is yet a fairly hale and hearty old gentleman. May he live to round out another score of years.

—The first of the Mountain League championship games was played in this place on Wednesday between the Tyrone and home team, resulting in a victory for the Tyrone boys by a score of 5 to 4. The game was a fine played one throughout.

—Miss Isabella Jamison, a sister of Mrs. Mary E. Hoover, of Spring street, and an aunt of A. M. Hoover, died on Sunday at 4.20 p. m. ofter a protracted illness. The funeral took place on Wednesday from her late residence at Snow Shoe Intersection.

—Sometime between Monday afternoon and Tuesday afternoon some sneak thief entered the Fountain house and going up stairs took from a bureau drawer twenty-five dollars in money and a valuable diamond ring. A book agent is the suspected party.

—Last Saturday Mr. P. B. Waddle, of Buffalo Run, was made happy by receiving a check for $395 in payment for the grain he had stored in the mill of Gerberich, Hale &Co., at the time of its destruction by fire. From the way it now looks all the farmers who had grain on deposit will receive pay in full.

—Last Wednesday morning Charles Cleary of Clinton county, passed through Bellefonte in charge of Sheriff Everhart on his way to the Western penitentiary at Pittsburg. The young man, who narrowly escaped wearing the necktie of hemp, looked happy and contented and said to a REPUBLICAN representive that he did not believe he would end his days in confinement.

—The Centre county viewers recently appointed by the court as a result of the suit of John Schneider vs. the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, will meet here to-day for the purpose of assessing damages. The company's changes below town encroach upon Schneider's land. The viewers are John G. Love, David Rhinesmith, James Henderson, John P. Harris and W. I. Fleming, and they will meet on the premises.—Huntingdon *Local News*.

—Pennsylvania 100 years ago had a population of 434,373. Now 100 years later it has 5,250,014, 12 times as many. When the first census was taken Virginia was the most populous State in the Union and Pennsylvania second. Now Virginia is 15th. Virginia was a proud and haughty Commonwealth, which accounts, no doubt, for her fall. Pennsylvania is still second, and has not wavered from that place except twice—in 1810 and 1820, when she was third. New York started in at fifth place, but since 1820 has led the procession. Pennsylvania is gaining on her, however, and may yet lead the procession.

TWO MORE HORRORS.

Fire and Flood Together Destroy Hundreds of Lives.

OIL CITY, June 5.—An appalling disaster occurred here to-day. Several tank cars of benzine were run on the Lake Shore bridge to hold it on account of the Oil creek floods. The benzine became ignited from a spark from a locomotive and exploded.

The burning fluid ran down the creek. Spectators were overtaken and burned to death. A large portion of the Second and Third wards were destroyed.

J. L. DORWORTH BURNED.

Among the victims of the disaster are was J. L. Dorworth, Esq. a lawyer, who is a brother of Dr. E. S. Dorworth of Bellefonte.

At seven o'clock this evening ninety lives are known to be lost.

DEVASTATED BY FIRE AND WATER.

TITUSVILLE, June 5.—Titusville is devastated by flood and fire. At 2 o'clock this morning the dam at Spartansburg and Newton Town gave away. A great volume of water came down Oil creek, overflowing its banks and flooded the city as far north as Spring street extending south half a mile, inundating a large portion of the city.

It is estimated that thirty or fifty people are drowned. The large refineries caught fire, how it was done is not known. The burning oil floated down the stream and set fire to everything in its path. Twenty-five dwelling and business houses were destroyed.

The water works were under water and there were no means of fighting the flames. Two bodies have thus far been recovered. They are John Cuppy and Fred Reidy. Among the missing are Jacob Bingenheimer and family, Fred Leitheis and wife, O. P. Casper and wife. Joseph Whalen, wife and three children, Miss Mollie Evans, Sam Hathorn and family, John Moreley, Mrs. M. H. Hougnling, Ed. Bartholmew, Lizzie and Lena Luhres and Clarence Osmar.

The property loss will be more than a million dollars.

Later dispatches from both Oil City and Titusville place the total loss of life at about 300. Fully two hundred were killed at Oil City alone. The loss and damage to property will aggregate about $5,000,000. Gov. Pattison has issued a proclamation calling upon the people for aid and already the contributions are flowing in liberally. The dead are being recovered and buried as fast as possible.

THREE WEDDINGS.

On Tuesday, May 31, Mr. D. Bates Bell, well known to many citizens of Bellefonte, was married to Miss Eliza Edna Prother, of Dubois, the wedding occuring at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Isabella I. Prother. Since his departure from Bellefonte a few years ago Mr. Bell has been engaged in the insurance business in Dubois. He is a popular, worthy and excellent young man and we beg to extend congratulations.

BROOKS—BELL.

On Thursday evening, June 2, by the Rev. Joseph Nesbitt, in Lock Haven, Mr. Lemuel Brooks, of Pleasant Gap, to Miss Annie Bell. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Bell, of State College. The happy couple at once departed on a wedding trip which will include Canada and will be extended over a period of some six months. Both young people are well known and quite popular in their respective communities.

MURPHY—CROSTHWAITE.

To-day at 12 m. Mr. J Linn Murphy, formerly of this place but now of Brooklyn, N. Y., was united in Marriage to Miss Minnie Crosthwaite, at the residence of the bride's father on Valentine street. The *Republican* extends congratulations.

HE DIED.

"Dutch Pete," but whose proper name was Peter Smith, and whose home was in Madisonburg, was determined to die. Peter was a blacksmith by trade and had last worked for S. K, Foust. For some weeks he had been out of employment and consequently had grown somewhat despondent. Once he attempted to commit suicide by hanging but his design was nipped in the bud and the attempt frustrated. On Tuesday of last week Peter was missing and it was a long time before any trace of him could be obtained. Finally he was found by Ellias Miller in the attic of the hotel with his throat cut and almost bled to death. They gathered him up, carried him down stairs and had his wounds dressed when Peter seemed himself again. In the evening he started out for a little walk and the next thing heard of "Dutch Pete" was when his body was found about four miles from there in the creek where he had drowned himself. In his pockets were found a dutch letter and $3.00 of American money.

HIS HAND BADLY HURT.

On Monday afternoon William Young, conductor on Tyrone local freight, met with a painful accident which will necessitate him taking a few week's vacation. It happened somewhere in the vicinity of Milesburg. "Billy," as he is more familiarly called was in the act of throwing a switch to run some cars in on a siding. When he had the lever in an upright position it caught and before he could get it moved his hand was struck by the oncoming car, with the result that all the flesh was peeled from the back of his hand. He was brought to Bellefonte at 4.30 and Dr Hoy sewed up the hand and gave it all other necessary attention and William departed on the 5.20 train for his home in Tyrone.

MRS. ORRIS' DEATH.

But a small local in last week's paper announced the death of Mrs. S. H. Orris, at her home in Milesburg. The circumstances surrounding this lady's death were of a peculiarly sad nature. Always in fair health she lived a life of happiness and contentment beloved and loving until the evening of May 25, 1892, the time of the fire in Milesburg. According to the usual custom the good people of Milesburg had on that evening assembled in their various places of worship for the purpose of participating in the usual weekly prayer meeting. Among those assembled at the Methodist church was Mrs. Orris. When the alarm of fire was given it naturally created considerable excitement and everybody ran to see if it was their home that was in flames. Mrs. Orris left the church with the crowd, naturally somewhat frightened by the red glow of the flames as they shot up many feet in the air, and when she arrived near Rev. Wright's residence she would have fallen had not others caught her and assisted her to the house. She was taken in and laid on the sofa when it was found that she was unconscious. A physician was sent for who said that her fright had occasioned a stroke of paralysis. She was removed to her home where she could better receive the kind attention of a loving family. She did not regain consciousness until just shortly before her death which took place on Wednesday morning, June 1, at 8.25 o'clock. Mrs. Orris was a fine lady in every particular, a member of the Methodist church and an upright, christian lady. She leaves a husband and six children to mourn their loss. Deceased was a daughter of Philip Barnhart, of Roland, and a sister of Mrs. J. C. Weaver, Mrs. H. H. Harshberger and James Barnhart, of this place.

The funeral occurred on Friday morning at 10 o'clock. The services, which were held at the house, were conducted by Rev. Warren, of the Methodist church, assisted by Rev W. O. Wright, of the Presbyterian. The remains were taken to Curtins Works and laid to rest in the cemetery at that place. The pall bearers were Austin Curtin, L. T. Eddy, H. L. Harvey, Chas. Colwell, George Carson and Adam Schroyer.

WHERE IS BRINK?

Information is wanted of one George W. Brink, of Irvona, Clearfield county. He left his home on May 25 promising to return in three days but up to this writing has not been seen by his family. On Decoration Day Mr. Brink was in Bellefonte and went to the court house to pay some taxes on unseated lands. He was then very much under the influence of liquor. He paid ten dollars to the clerk in the commissioner's office but did not get a receipt. From there he went to Garman's hotel where he stayed Monday night and left Tuesday morning without paying his bill. That is the last trace there is of him. His wife has written to parties in Bellefonte making inquiries regarding his whereabouts. Mr. Brink was a man about 55 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall and would weigh about 150 pounds. When here he wore a scuffed blue suit and a black slouch hat. He had a dark moustache and chin whiskers, and his hair was slightly streaked with gray. Any information as to his whereabouts will be gladly received by his family at Irvona.

P. S.—Since the above was put in type and just as we go to press we learn that Mr. Brink has made his appearance in the court house all O. K.

ANNUAL BANQUET.

The fifth annual banquet of the Pi Chapter of Theta Nu Epsilon, State College, Centre county, was given at the Fallon House, Lock Haven, Friday evening, which was a success in every detail. The bill of fare comprised all that any mortal could ask for in the way of eatables and drinkables. The tables were dressed in artistic style by Daniel Kline, who proved on this occasion to thoroughly understand that line of business. A. C. Reed was toast master. The toasts were all happily responded to and some of the remarks elicited considerable laughter. The gentlemen composing the party seemed to greatly enjoy themselves.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

One evening last week Mrs. Thomas Ammerman, her daughter and baby had a narrow escape from drowning. They were on their way home and attempted to cross the narrow foot bridge by the car works. When about Midway Mrs. Ammerman became dizzy, lost her balance and fell in the creek, pulling in her daughter who was carrying the baby. Their cries for help brought prompt assistance from a number of men working near and Mr. Hamilton succeeded in rescuing all before they were over come. The foot bridge in question is a dangerous one and should be fixed.

HAVE YOU A BABY

in the house? Whether you have or not you ought to see the new piece of sheet music, "Baby Ruth," dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. The words are fine and the music sings itself. Send 30 cents to J. S. Ogilvie, 57 Rose street, New York, and he will send it to you by return mail. The song refers to Baby Ruth Cleveland, and every one interested in music will soon be singing it.

—It is a difficult thing to tell just where political lightning may strike.

BLAINE RESIGNS

The Following Correspondence Is Self Explanatory.

WASHINGTON, June 6—Official and political circles were startled Saturday afternoon by the announcement that Secretary of State Blaine had resigned, and that the President had accepted his resignation. Many were incredulous until the following correspondence was made public:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.
WASHINGTON, June 4, 1892.

TO THE PRESIDENT—I respectfully beg leave to submit my resignationt of the office of Secretary of State of the United States, to which I was appointed by you on the 5th of March, 1886.

The condition of public business in the Department of State justifies me in requesting that my resignation may be accepted immediately.

I have the honor to be,
Very Respectfully.
Your Obedient Servant.
JAMES G. BLAINE.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, June 4, 1892.

TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE—Your letter of this date, tendering your resignation of the office of Secretary of State of the United States has been received. The terms in which you state your desire are such as to leave me no choice but to accede to your wishes at once.

Your resignation is therefore accepted.
Very respectfully yours,
BENJ. HARRISON.
Hon. James G. Blaine

COUNCIL DOING'S.

On Monday evenig seven members of borough council assembled in the council chamber on Howard street.

Mrs. James McSully was present and asked to be released from taxation to the amount of $14. As said tax was on real estate council claimed it had no power to release anyone.

Street committe reported a large number of repairs during the past three weeks—considerable of it occasioned by the fire at the mill.

Water committee reported a leak in the boiler repaired by W. B. Maitland at a cost of $60. Also that fire plugs throughout the town were in bad condition and that too much water was being wasted, especially by the hotels.

Logan Steam Fire Co. presented a request for 500 feet of new hose, and the Undines for two new nozzles. Clerk Mitchell was instructed to advertise for bids for furnishing of same.

The Diehl property question, and the William Steel trespass question then came up for the usual amount of discussion but little was gained in the way of positive information.

When the bills were to be passed quite a discussion was had over the validity of a bill presented by Hillibish & Co. It was finally passed by a majority of one and council adjourned.

—The people of Howard are fortunate in having one of the best physicians in the county living in their midst in the person of Dr. O. M. McEntire. Howard Borough is the third town in size in the county; the people are thriving and prosperous, a doctor of first class ability therefore, like Dr. McEntire, cannot fail to acquire a large and lucrative practice which we are assured he is doing. He has many friends and the circle is widening beyond the confines of Howard as the people hear of his success and noble manly qualities. Dr. McEntire, in addition to his business in his profesion, has a complete drug store where he dispenses healing medicine prepared under his skillful direction. This is an important consideration as drugs should always be compounded by persons of knowledge and skill and no druggist would have more or should have more the confidence of the customer than a skillful family physician. He also keeps at his store many useful and beautiful toilet and fancy articles. The Dr. has a fine trade and he deserves it. Now if he would change his politics and become a good republican he would be sure of a glorious immortality.

—A good, efficient and honest clerk is a prize which any merchant is fortunate to have in his employ. Such a man is Grant Sweyer who is employed at Long's general merchandise store at Howard. He is gentlemanly, accommodating and devoted to the interests of his employer. In a business life of thirty years we have learned by sad experience that such men are comparatively scarce; that when an employer gets such a man he studies his own interest in keeping him if possible. Many a prosperous merchant has been ruined by dishonest help. With a good, honest man, wages is hardly a consideration, when they are within the bounds of reason or the ability of the merchant to pay. It is true that only those meet with real and lasting success in life who are honest and capable but so many young men in the face of temptation lose sight of this fact that the really honest clerk stands out in conspicuous prominence. We congratulate Grant Sweyer that he has the confidence of the public with whom he deals and that he is in every way entitled to that confidence and esteem.

—One of the most gentlemanly and accommodating merchants of our thriving neighboring town of Howard is D. E. Holter, who keeps a grocery, boot, shoe and notion store, on one of the principal streets of that ancient settlement. Mr. Holter keeps a fine stock of goods, understands his business and is doing a good trade. He always deals on the square, has the respect and confidence of his patrons as a merchant is sure to have who always does what is right. He is bound to succeed; we congratulate him on his success.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Mr, Henry Stevens, of Loveville, was a visitor in Bellefonte on Saturday.

George Kaup, of Boalsburg, made a business call at this office on Saturday last.

Will Furst, now of the Law University in Philadelphia, is at home for his three month's vacation.

Mr. D. E. Shultz, of Curtins, came in to see us on Saturday and before he departed left with us a little of the "root of all evil."

Mr Ed. Kitson, the Superintendent of Bellefonte's electric light works, sailed on last Saturday for England, his native home.

Mr. Jonathan Packer and son, of Boggs township, were in town last Saturday and before leaving did not fail to pay their respects to this office.

Ex-deputy Sheriff Robert K. Wilson, of Philipsburg, was in Bellefonte on Monday and made a pleasant call at this office. Robert is a very courteous gentleman and has many friends all over Centre county.

Miss Henkle, one of Philadelphia's fair young ladies, accompanied Mrs. D. H. Hastings to her home in this place last Friday and is now her guest at the Hastings residence on Allegheny street.

Clarence E. Cook is one of the live business men of Howard. He is pushing his lumber and saw mill business for all there is in it. It is such men as Mr. Cook that go to make up a live business community.

Mr. W. W. Leach, one of Shingletown's most honored citzens, tarried with us a short time on Monday. Mr. Leach is one of those gentleman who always make the printer's heart feel lighter and his pocket book heavier after each visit. Call again.

H. W. Bickle, of Howard, is the keeper of a boarding house and is doing a good business, many of the traveling men who visit the place stop with him. He furnishes first class meals and accomodations at most reasonable prices. He is courteous to all his customers and when a person has once been his guest they are certain to be again whenever they visit that town. He believes in giving his patrons the full value of their money which, under our present grasping competetive system, is sure to give great satisfaction to a customer Mr. Bickle ought to be the proprieter of a first class hotel, he is just the man to run it right.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

MR. EDITOR: The time is now here for us to be looking around for suitable men to represent us in the next Legislature, and we, as citizens of Snow Shoe, would urge the nomination of E. I. Walker. He is the friend of every poor man and can easily be elected if nominated. We urge the delegates instructed and his nomination will at least give us one who the laborer will support.

VOTERS OF SNOW SHOE.

TRUE BLUE.

Republican Campaign March for the piano by Geo. Maywood, has just been issued and is one of the brightest and most attractive marches recently published. Every pianist will want this stirring new composition. Price 50 cents, on receipt of which a copy will be mailed post-paid to any address by the publisher, The S. Brainard's sons Co, Chicago, Ill.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., June 9, 1892.

Bertha Alexander, Charles Bradford, Mrs. Annie Brin, S. W. Caslertain, James W. Clayton, A. H. Elliot.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

PRESS ORDERED

We have ordered the Philadelphia Weekly Press for the following persons if it is not received within one week from the issue of this paper the parties will do us a favor by sending notice to this office.

William P Fisher.—Fleming.
William Sanderson Julian Furnace.

—If you want to see a store that is a pattern of neatness, call at the Eureka Grocery, High street, next door to post office. Polite and accomodating clerks are in attendence and goods, fresh and of first quality are sold at the lowest possible figure. If you buy of them you will save money.

—Sugar selling at cost at the Eureka Grocery, Bellefonte, on High street, next door to post office.

SUMMER TOURS.

The Latest Publication of the Pennsylvania Railroad

The 1st of June is a date looked forward to by the thousands who make their preliminary plans for summer outings, and their main guide is the Summer Excusion book issued yearly by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which regularly appears on that date. Advanced copies for the season of 1892 are fresh from the press and certainly excel anything of like character ever published by this progressive railroad company.

It is not only a compendium of all the rates prevailing over its own and connecting lines to the principal resorts of the land, but it is equally as valuable as a guide-book, with full and explicit information as to how trips may be made, and as to what desirable variations may be utilized to enhance their pleasure and profit. Nearly five hundred resorts, ranging from Prince Edward Island to the mountains of Western North Carolina, from the southern extremity of New Jersey to the wild lakes of Canada, from the mineral springs of Virginia to the great inland lakes, are described at length and fifteen hundred routes, representing a stock of fifteen hundred special forms of tickets, are set out clearly and intelligibly within its pages.

In arranging these routs care has been observed in making them read over lines that present the greatest number of interesting points, and in every case there is a wide field for choice. They also provide for a return trip by a different direction, so that the tourist may find his outing a continual succession of changing scenes.

It is so comprehensive that one could hardly ask for a ticket to an Eastern resort of any prominence and fail to find it ready-made by a variety of routes. One hundred and thirty railroad and steamboat lines are represented in the coupons of these tickets, every one of them connecting directly or remotely with the Pennsylvania system.

The cover to this handsome edition represents one of the famous Pennsylvania Railroad Observation Cars artistically executed. The illustrations are the finest style of half tone work, on as high a grade as the popular magazine productions.

FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

BRAINDON'S MUSICAL WORLD for June containes a fine portrait and interesting sketch of Crouch, the author of the famous old song "Kathleen Mavourneen," and a large amount of other choice reading matter. It also contains "Kathleen Mavourneen" for piano by Richards; "Berceuse" (Cradle Song for piano) by Renard; and "The Water Lily," arranged for piano by Otto Dressel. Besides these three piano pieces it contains the latest popular success, "Song of the Nightingale," as sung by Marie Tempest in "Tyrolean." The music in this number is alone worth $2.00. Mailed post-paid for 15 cents in stamps, of three back numbers mailed for 25 cents. published monthly at $1. 40 per year.

THE MUSICIANS' GUIDE (Spring Edition 1892) contains, besides 212 pages of musical information, biographies of 150 musicians, with 25 portraits, a "Teachers' Guide" and other valuable features, three new songs, "My Kathleen Coming Back," "Last Night" and "That is Love," and two piano pieces, "Sounds from the Ballroom" and "Stolen Kisses"—Gavotte. Mailed free for eight tow-cent stamps, or the WORLD and GUIDE, containing the above nine songs and pieces, mailed for for twelve two-cent stamps. Addres, The S. Brainard,s Sons Co., Chicago Ill.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

Repeatedly during the past few days the name of J. H. Lever, of Stormstown, has been very favorably mentioned to us as a man who would make a good candidate for the Legislature. Mr. Lever is personally known to us and if he could be urged to accept a nomination for that office we know of no one in Centre county who could more ably fill it than he, should he be elected. He has some views on all economic questions, is a staunch advocate of equal taxation and would work to his utmost to bring about a repeal of the obnoxious "Herd law." In addition, it might be said, that Mr. Lever is a popular man in the western part of the county, or wherever he is known for that matter, and to nominate him would at once mean to bring to that part of the Republican ticket the largest vote possible to poll. Now here is a gentleman the Republican party would do well to take into careful consideration.

WANTED

Two good men to act as salesmen and collectors in and about State College, this Co., and Snow Shoe. Must furnish horse and harness Salary and Commission paid. Address "W.L," Altoona, Pa. 23—3t.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE